

THE LONDON MAGAZINE:



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For FEBRUARY, 1783.

The Hypochondriack. No. LXV.	59	Principal Robertson's Conduct to the	86
The Political State of Great-Britain on the		Antiquarian Society	
Commencement of the Peace	61	Who the present ecclesiastical Dema-	
Description of the Temple and sacred Grove		gogues are	<i>ibid.</i>
of Daphne	62	Their oppressive Despotism	87
The new Annual Register	63	Aristocracy predominates in Scotland	87
Dialogue of the Dead	65	The Meanness of their Clergy	88
Anecdotes of Bishop Atterbury	68	Their Sectaries, whence	<i>ibid.</i>
Will-with-a-Wisp on Gospel Quackery	70	Their Turbulence and Sedition	<i>ibid.</i>
On the Construction of Telescopes	73	The necessary Interference of Govern-	
On the Military Genius of Nations	74	ment	89
On Bowyer's Lives, &c.	75	Mrs. Siddons vindicated	91
The History of the present Session of Par-		REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS	93
liament	76	Two Dissertations, on the Grecian My-	
Mr. Burke's Plan engrossed by the Mi-	<i>ibid.</i>	thology, and the Objections of Sir Isaac	
nister		Newton to the Chronology of the Olym-	
Mr. Brett moves for Seamen	77	piads	<i>ibid.</i>
Gen. Conway's Motion of Thanks to		A Letter to the Author of the History	
General Eliott	78	and Mystery of Good-Friday	94
Original Letters on Deism	80	Remarks on Mr. Rousseau's Emilius	95
Letter I. On Religious Controversy	<i>ibid.</i>	Letters from the late Rev. Mr. James	
Letter II. On Christianity as founded		Hervey to the Right Hon. Lady Frances	
in Fact	81	Shirley	<i>ibid.</i>
Letter III. On Mahometanism	82	POETICAL ESSAYS	<i>ibid.</i>
Letter IV. On the Authenticity of		Prologue to the Mysterious Husband	<i>ibid.</i>
Scripture	<i>ibid.</i>	Epilogue to the Same	96
Letter V. On the History of Ditto	84	Paraphrastical Imitation of the ninth Ode	
An Old Man's Letter to the Editor	85	or Horace's first Book	97
Kirk Politicks in Scotland	<i>ibid.</i>	The MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER	99

With the following Embellishments, viz.

An elegant Engraving of Her Royal Highness Princess AUGUSTA SOPHIA,

AND

A perspective View of LONDON, from the Bridge near Chelsea.

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30	134	68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	86 1/2	20 1/2	13 1/2	145 1/2	65 1/2	Par.	—	68 1/2	—	8 1/2	Par.	SW	Rain
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1	132 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	20 1/2	13 1/2	146 1/2	65 1/2	1 P.	72 1/2	67 1/2	66 1/2	8 1/2	1 P.	SW	Rain
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3	—	69	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	148	65 1/2	Par.	74	68	—	8 1/2	1 P.	SW	Fair
4	—	69	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	146	65	Par.	74	68	67	8 1/2	1 P.	SW	Fair
5	134 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	147	65	2 P.	—	67 1/2	—	8 1/2	1 P.	SW	—
6	134 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	—	2 P.	—	—	—	8 1/2	1 P.	SW	—
7	—	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	8 1/2	—	W	—
8	Sunday	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	65 1/2	—	—	67 1/2	66 1/2	8 1/2	2	SW	—
9	134 1/2	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	145 1/2	65 1/2	2 P.	—	67 1/2	—	8 1/2	2	SW	—
10	134 1/2	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	145 1/2	65 1/2	—	—	67 1/2	66 1/2	8 1/2	2	SW	—
11	134 1/2	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	146 1/2	65 1/2	3	74	67 1/2	—	9 1/2	2	SW	—
12	—	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	65 1/2	3	—	—	—	9 1/2	2	SW	Cloudy
13	134 1/2	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	146 1/2	65 1/2	3	—	67 1/2	67 1/2	9 1/2	3	S	—
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15	Sunday	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	65 1/2	4	—	—	66 1/2	8 1/2	3	SW	Fair
16	133 1/2	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	146	65 1/2	4	—	—	66 1/2	8 1/2	3	NE	—
17	133 1/2	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	65 1/2	4	—	67 1/2	66 1/2	8 1/2	3	NE	—
18	133 1/2	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	145 1/2	65 1/2	3	—	—	66 1/2	8 1/2	2	NE	—
19	134	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	144	55 1/2	3	—	67 1/2	66 1/2	8 1/2	1	NE	—
20	134	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	144	—	1	—	—	66 1/2	8 1/2	Par.	NW	Rain
21	134	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	66 1/2	8 1/2	Par.	NW	Fair
22	—	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	SW	—
23	Sunday	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	143 1/2	—	1	—	—	—	9 1/2	Par.	SW	Snow
24	133 1/2	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	SW	Frost
25	—	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	NE	—
26	—	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	SW	Rain
27	—	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	—	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	—	68	68 1/2	68 1/2	86	20 1/2	13 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

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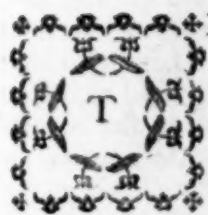
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South Wales	6 7	4 4	3 1	1 7	3 4	—	—	—	—	—
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THE
LONDON MAGAZINE,
FOR FEBRUARY, 1783.

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. No. LXV.

Ἀναγεγραπται δὲ ὁ χρόνος ἐν τοῖς ἱερῶν βιβλίοις. JOSEPHUS.

"Time is recorded in the Sacred Writings."



TIME is the most difficult of all subjects on which our thinking faculty can be employed. We have no distinct notion what it is, at least, no notion which we can distinctly define. Hence it is, that some have endeavoured to maintain that it has no existence. Their reasonings, like those of *Berkeley* against the existence of matter, will not convince those who cannot answer them. The ingenious *Soame Jenyns*, who sports in metaphysics with a singular agility of mind, has in one of his late *Disquisitions* added himself to the number of those sophists, and he exhibits a proof that a lively fancy and elegant language can make even puzzling, abstract speculation entertaining.

But although we have no distinct notion of Time, we are sure of its being something real in itself, independent of our own perceptions, or of those of other beings. To think of it as infinite is astonishing and painful; and yet it is impossible for us not to believe that it is infinite.—That is a truth which the wildest atheist, the absurdest sceptick, cannot for a moment oppose. Time, without beginning and without end, takes within its immensity all nations, tongues, and languages; the saint, the savage, and the sage; the believer and the infidel of every kind, and impresses upon them perpetual existence with full conviction.

Nor is there any thing in the circle of human knowledge which is so frequently mentioned as Time. It is in every body's mouth in the course of common conversation. It is in one way or other introduced into every book that is written.

Like most other objects of contemplation, Time has been personified, but with more variety than many others. There is in general a greater uniformity in emblematical science than one would suppose. Fame is always a woman sounding a trumpet. Death a skeleton with a scythe and a dart. But Time is sometimes a river, along whose stream we are carried; sometimes a female, in whose womb events are hid; sometimes a man with wings, a sand-glass, and a scythe. Time is imaged both as a creator and as a destroyer. Ambrose Philips, in a translation from Pindar, calls it "Time the father that produces all," and a thousand instances may be found where it is represented as ruining all. One of the finest and solemn is an old love-song:

Devouring Time with stealing pace,
Makes lofty elms and cedars bow,
And marble towers and walls of brass
In his proud march he levels low.

It is plain then, that we are not only persuaded of the existence of Time, but of its existence and powerful activity. Such indeed is its activity, that there is nothing material upon the face of the globe, but what its progressive operation will gradually make as if it had never been. If there be a melancholy and discouraging reflection from this upon one hand to check our fondness and ambition, there is on the other hand a consoling reflection to the unhappy, who, by looking forward with a keen eye, may behold the most prosperous and most insolent amongst mankind brought as low as themselves. The proverb says, "A living dog is better than a dead lion." If then the poor, unfortunate, and dispirited, can by foresight have a clear view of the lions of their time, grown old or dead, they

they will not be tormented with envy. Luckily for the world such foresight is very rare; for it would prevent the greatest part of that scheming and bustling by which life in general is animated and improved. Men would pass their days in torpid listlessness; and youth would be as cold and indifferent as age.

The different views which we have of time, according to the different states of our mind, must have been observed by every one at all attentive to what he has experienced. Sometimes it seems to move with a pleasant velocity, during which we almost regret that it flies so swift, and it is remarkable, that all the allegorical representations of Time and the hours are winged. But too often we find it not only dully slow, but even painfully burthensome to us, and hence the expression to *pass Time* and to *kill Time*, indicating its uneasy pressure in a smaller or greater degree.

Chronology, or the art of ascertaining the different divisions of time, during which certain events have happened, is a very curious study; but should think it would tend to make those who apply to it have a slight notion of themselves; for what is the longest life of man compared with centuries and still larger portions of Time with which chronologists are versant. The calculators of lives, who reduce the probability of living within a narrow compass, should be still more indifferent about themselves. Yet although in moments of pure speculation the studious in both these lines may be affected in the manner which it is natural to suppose, we find such a happy partiality for self, and such a fond excess of hope, that they are as much in earnest in all the concerns of this world as others are.

To apply chronology to the lives of individuals, would be an entertaining, but I believe, in by far the greatest number of instances, a very humiliating experiment. Were an accurate table to be made out with various columns, in which upon a fair computation the portions of Time appropriated to eating, drinking, sleeping, conversation, study, business, amusements, in short, all the several modes of existence were to be marked, we should be surprised to see the short duration, the small quantity of any thing which has either

our love or our approbation. It would be found that some of the most distinguished speakers in Parliament have not spoken two months; that some of the most brilliant, fine ladies of the court, have not been admired above a quarter of a year; nay, that some of the oldest and most intimate friends have not seen one another for a twelve-month in the whole.

The truth is, that human life must not be highly estimated and very nicely examined if one is desirous of tranquillity. An analysis such as I have suggested would overwhelm with vexation a mind all alive to noble ambition as in the youthful ardency when at college. But I am not of opinion that continued exertion is required as a duty of every one. They whom the love of fame, of riches, or of titles, urges on with equal rapidity through the more advanced stages of life, as through the earlier stages, gratify their active inclination. They who are content with moderate advantages gratify their love of ease. Both are good members of society, and though the former may be more admired, the latter may be as much esteemed. There is only one mode of employing our time in which our best endeavours should never abate, I mean the exercise of religion. I recollect, with calm satisfaction, having heard long ago a sermon by a worthy clergyman now in his 88th year, from these words: "Be not weary in well doing, for, in due season, ye shall reap if ye faint not"

To think eagerly of the nature of Time itself, simply considered, is enough to turn one's brain: but there is amusement in considering its effects and relations. I shall, therefore, without any regular order, add a few more thoughts upon the subject.

The effect of Time in diminishing grief, though inexplicable, is universally known, and is a benignant circumstance in our constitution. It is thus beautifully expressed in the tragedy of Douglas:

"Time that wears out the trace of deepest sorrow,
"As the sea smoothes the prints made in the sand."

What is still more striking, it diminishes the horror and resentment which we feel at crimes; and upon this



PRICES OF STOCKS &c. FEBRUARY 1783.



*Hers Royal Highness
Princess Augusta Sophia*

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this principle in human nature is founded the doctrine of the civil law, that there is a prescription of the punishment of crimes, shorter or longer, in proportion as the offence is atrocious. If a man with whom I live in habits of friendship were to commit a murder, I should break off all connection with him; but if he should acknowledge to me that he had committed a murder thirty or forty years ago, though I should be shocked at first, I believe I should not give him up on that account. This effect of Time upon our own minds may give us some reason humbly to hope that guilt of whatever kind may be absorbed in the lapse of ages.

Any portion of Time appears shorter to us the longer we live. We all recollect how in childhood a period of one or two years seemed of large extent, whereas when we have attained to middle age it bears no bulk in the imagination. The reason is, as I once heard observed by a man of strong sagacity, that the older we are, we have the longer measure to apply to

any period of time. We measure it with our own life, and the more that is lengthened the shorter does the period which is measured appear.

It is a common saying, that Time past seems much shorter than Time to come. This may be true with those who are not habituated to recollection; but to those who do recollect, I am of opinion Time past appears longer than Time to come; for it is more marked with divisions which fix the view and point out its extent. If a man looks back at once to a former period of his life, the Time between seems very short, as when one looks from one hill to another the intermediate ground is not perceived. But if in the one case one walks over the intermediate ground, or, in the other, traces all the events of the time between, the length of each will be very obvious. Whereas, to look forward for the same space is like looking upon the ocean or upon an expanse of air, of either of which a large extent will not appear to the eye by any means in its due proportion.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE POLITICAL STATE OF GREAT-BRITAIN ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF PEACE.

CONVULSED in every quarter of the globe, Great-Britain, in the beginning of last year, seemed to approach the hour of political dissolution; and even in her struggles to announce her near advance to their termination. Such was the gloomy picture she presented to Europe and the world, at the moment when Lord North, by an act of suicide, rather than by a violent death—by his own want of energy and exertion, rather than by the efforts of his enemies, terminated an administration, unequalled by its misfortunes in the annals of this country.

But that tide of adverse fortune, which for so many years had run with an impetuosity not to be resisted, suspended its course at this critical juncture, and returning in a contrary direction with equal violence and rapidity, bore up the drooping genius of England on its current. Rodney, a name sacred to glory, and always found in the paths of danger and of

fame, arrested with a strong hand the progress of the arms of France. After many disappointments and delays, the navies of the two countries met upon the 12th of April. No history of the ancient or modern world presents an instance of a more glorious and brilliant victory. The fleet of France fled under shelter of the night, leaving the admiral and the admiral's ship in the victor's hands. The laurels of England, so long withered and faded, bloomed a-new: the proud battles of La Hogue and Quiberon were outdone; and the names of Russel and of Hawke, no longer stood unrivalled in the naval history of their country. Terror and dismay pursued the flying remains of the vanquished enemy, and accompanied them over every quarter of the world.

But it was not only in the West-Indies that England rose triumphant and vigorous. Successes more than negative, and equally brilliant, attended her

PRICES OF STOCKS &c.



*Her Royal Highness
Princess Augusta Sophia*

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But it was not only in the West-Indies that England rose triumphant and vigorous. Successes more than negative, and equally brilliant, attended her

her exertions in other parts of her dominions. Spain, after having exhausted her monarchy, and drained her arsenals and treasury to re-annex Gibraltar to the crown from which it had been torn, was repulsed with an equal loss of honour and of men from before the walls; while the princes of the blood of France, who had come to be spectators of its fall, returned inglorious and disappointed home. Even in India—though success had not attended the efforts made by the Governor-general to procure a peace with the Mahrattas—though Heider still ravaged and desolated the Carnatic—though the treasuries of Bengal and Madras were exhausted by such ruinous and unremitting efforts—though France made exertions, naval and military, the most desperate, and even above her strength—yet no effectual breach was made in the bulwarks of the empire. Madras remained free from attack or insult. The fleet of England sustained, under many disadvantages, and with inferior numbers, every attempt to break or vanquish them. The unarmed and defenceless possessions of Holland fell, one after another, into the English hands; and France, after a campaign, in which she had promised herself the most decisive advantages, found her expectations vain, and all her schemes abortive.

Such was the animating and exhilarating prospect which the empire exhibited; such was the situation of her

enemies at the close of 1782—a year which has commenced under the most fatal auspices, but which saw at its termination, all the former glories of England beam anew!

This was the precise æra this much-abused and ill-requited country was made to humble at the feet of France and Spain. At the moment when every breast beat high with pride and hope—when the navy of England, reviving from its temporary obscurity, panted to prove again its late asserted superiority—when America, having emancipated herself beyond dispute, had no longer any motive for continuing the war—when Spain was incapable of raising further supplies from her exhausted provinces—when Holland was torn by intestine divisions, menaced by foreign powers, and incapable of any external exertion—when France felt the whole burden of the war falling upon her already exhausted finances—was this the moment, which a wise, a patriot, or a vigorous minister, would have chosen to supplicate for peace, and to accept from the condescension, or insolent magnanimity, of the court of Versailles such terms as the most pusillanimous minister ought to have disdained? The indecent and ruinous haste with which the treaty was precipitated from a terror of parliament, did not escape the penetrating eye of the cabinet of France, nor was it unimproved*.

* See the Preliminary and Provisional Articles in the London Magazine for January last.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE AND SACRED GROVE OF DAPHNE.

AT the distance of five miles from Antioch, the Macedonian Kings of Syria had consecrated to Apollo one of the most elegant places of devotion in the pagan world. A magnificent temple rose in honour of the god of light; and his Colossal figure almost filled the capacious sanctuary, which was enriched with gold and gems, and adorned by the skill of the Grecian artists. The deity was represented in a bending attitude, with a golden cup in his hand, pouring out a libation on

the earth; as if he supplicated the venerable mother to give to his arms the cold and beauteous Daphne: for the spot was ennobled by fiction; and the fancy of the Syrian poets had transported the amorous tale from the banks of the Peneus to those of the Orontes. The ancient rites of Greece were imitated by the royal colony of Antioch. A stream of prophecy, which rivalled the truth and reputation of the Delphic oracle, flowed from the Castalian fountain of Daphne. In the adjacent fields

fields a stadium was built by a special privilege, which had been purchased from Elis; the olympic games were celebrated at the expence of the city; and a revenue of thirty-thousand pounds sterling was annually applied to the publick pleasures.

The perpetual resort of pilgrims and spectators insensibly formed, in the neighbourhood of the temple, the state-ly and populous village of Daphne, which emulated the splendour, without acquiring the title, of a provincial city. The temple and the village were deeply bosomed in a thick grove of laurels and cypresses, which reached as far as a circumference of ten miles, and formed in the most sultry summers a cool and impenetrable shade. A thousand streams of purest water, issuing from every hill, preserved the verdure of the earth, and

the temperature of the air; and the peaceful grove was consecrated to health and joy, to luxury and love.

The vigorous youth pursued, like Apollo, the object of his desires; and the blushing maid was warned, by the fate of Daphne, to shun the folly of unseasonable coynefs. The soldier and the philosopher wisely avoided the temptation of this sensual paradise; where pleasure, assuming the character of religion, imperceptibly dissolved the firmness of manly virtue. But the groves of Daphne continued for many ages to enjoy the veneration of natives and strangers; the privileges of the holy ground were enlarged by the munificence of succeeding emperors; and every generation added new ornaments to the splendour of the temple.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

A NEW ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1782.

THIS illustrious year has been justly celebrated by a poet of no inferior reputation, under the distinguishing title of *Annus Mirabilis*. And the vast complication of wonders it has produced will be felt and remembered by the latest posterity. A few of these are succinctly stated under the following arrangement:

I. POLITICKS.

France extending her empire.
Spain fighting for Jamaica and Gibraltar;
Holland wrangling at home and waiting abroad.
Prussia immortalizing a tyrant.
Russia protecting trade.
Germany exterminating bigotry.
Sweden abjuring liberty.
Denmark menacing the Dutch.
Italy hugging her chains.
Portugal smuggling her wines.
America grasping independence.
Britain dismembered.
Her West-Indies garbled.
Her East-Indies plundered.
Ireland asserting her freedom.
Scotland groaning under oppression.
England rousing from her lethargy.
Government a cabal.
Principle exchanged for place.
Offices of state made lottery-offices.
The Admiralty an hospital of invalids.
The cabinet a cock-pit.

The privy council a chaos of jarring elements.

The Ordnance an Augean stable.

The army the macaroni asylum.

The navy a collection of monsters.

The ministers playing at cross-purposes.

Prerogative on the tenters.

Rotten boroughs on the eve of extinction.

Patriotism claiming an equal representation.

Loyalty cultivating slavery and peace.

The publick gulled by the tubs of a minister.

Patriots supporting the crown.

A senate shivered into parties.

A court masked in hypocrisy.

A war begun and ended in ignominy.

A peace calculated to produce a war.

England re-embracing America.

And America clinging to France.

II. EXTRAORDINARY PROMOTIONS.

Knavery carested.

Venality in vogue.

Whoredom in fashion.

Impudence in triumph.

Prostitution in power.

Malagrida at the head of the Treasury.

Orator Blunderbuss a secretary of state.

A boy on stilts Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A petit maitre commander in chief.

Sarony

Sawney Starvation Treasurer of the Navy.

Spitfire Secretary at War.

Patriots on the Pension List.

Rogues in the magistracy.

Rakes in canonicals.

Wives in breeches.

Girls in hoops.

And boys in boots.

III. LITERATURE.

Many printers.

Few readers.

Philosophy abandoned.

Plagiarism encouraged.

Originality exploded.

Sophistry in the teeth of truth.

Elegance sacrificed for frippery.

Ignorance successful.

Wisdom abortive.

Dulness caressed.

Genius proscribed.

Sound mistaken for sense.

Words destitute of meaning.

Booksellers rioting.

Authors starving.

Taste prostituted.

The Muses silent.

The classics forgot.

IV. USEFUL PROJECTS.

Private debts charged to the publick.

Luxury gilding the suite and preying on the entrails of the great.

Princes rioting in the misery of their subjects.

Subjects aping the extravagance of princes.

Money gotten without industry.

Fortunes spent without enjoyment.

Government without union.

Parties without reciprocity of confidence.

Rank without respectability.

Fame without worth.

Fashion without taste.

Character without virtue.

Distinction without esteem.

Versatility without parts.

Honour without innocence.

V. CHARACTERS.

Publick men destitute of decency.

High life crouded with punks, prudes, and panders.

Low life a receptacle of felons.

Officers wanting courage.

Soldiers wanting spirit.

Magistrates wanting authority.

Priests wanting religion.

Doctors without learning.

Women without chastity.

Senators without sense.

Peers without dignity.

Bishops without sanctity.

Physicians without skill.

Patients without ailment.

Ministers without influence.

Speakers without eloquence.

Eloquence without utility.

Bankers without money.

Traders without credit.

Men of probity shunned.

Parasites caressed.

Whores publicly adored.

Modest women slighted.

The wise and honest excluded from court.

Fiddlers and *players* favourites of royalty.

Cuckolds proud of their horns.

Girls void of modesty.

Matrons mimicking the pertness of girls.

Boys affecting the consequence of men.
And men resuming all the insignificance of boys.

VI. MORALITY AND RELIGION.

Marriage become obsolete.

Bastardy legalized.

Population suspended.

All in chase of money.

Money disappointing all.

Modesty in obloquy.

Virtue in rags.

Wisdom in fetters.

Religion in mourning.

Vice in vogue.

Venality extinguishing industry.

Industry making room for poverty.

Power suppressing justice.

Justice covering villainy.

Villainy braving justice.

Honour exploded.

Affectation cultivated.

Simplicity spurned.

DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.
LORD HERBERT, MR. HUME, MERCURY.

Quasi ipsos inducere loquentes.

CICERO.

Mr. Hume. DEATH has at last bestowed upon me a favour which I long desired.—It has given me an opportunity of meeting my Lord Herbert in these shadowy regions, and of hailing your lordship as the first who formed Deism into a system, and boldly attempted to shake that fabric which superstition had reared, and which was so warmly defended by religious zealots.—My name, my lord, is David Hume.—I was ardent in the same cause in which your lordship engaged.—The world praised me for my works—They ran through several editions.—Perhaps your lordship has heard of me.

Lord Herbert. Shades, which cease not to arrive, have informed me of the celebrated Mr. Hume.—I am both acquainted with the character of the author and the man.—I am much obliged to you for the honour you intend me, by placing me at the head of the deistical writers, and this honour is heightened by your shining amongst their number with distinguished lustre: I should have accepted this favour with readiness and cordiality had authors which belong to this class been actuated by the same principles, and moved in the same line with me.—I indeed was the first who made a regular attack upon Revelation, but in this attempt I was animated and conducted by a love of truth, and a desire to establish such an universal system of religion as might supercede the necessity of an extraordinary revelation, and be founded in principles within the reach of human investigation.—I did not envy the religionist his zeal nor the believer his bible. I was only sorry that a religion which I imagined was discoverable by the human faculties should be attributed to an extraordinary revelation.—I gave to revelation the praise which it merited. So far as it coincided with my five articles of natural religion, which I thought were palpable, and contained the whole of that system of truth and duty which is necessary to

LOND. MAG. Feb. 1783.

man, I loved and recommended it; and perhaps had the same lights been thrown upon its evidence then as now I should have found less difficulty in believing it*.—Such were my principles. For their reality I appeal to my writings, and to that prayer, which, in the *dilemma* of my soul, I put up to Heaven, requesting in the most fervent manner a mark of the Divine approbation in the publication of my work.

Mr. Hume. Whoever has read my Lord Herbert's works will readily admit the goodness of his intentions, the integrity of his heart, and distinguished abilities of his understanding. I readily agree with your lordship that many of the Deistical writers deviated from that path in which you walked. In attempting to establish freedom of thought, and to overthrow the system of zealots, they evidently betrayed a narrowness of mind, and disgraced the cause they were anxious to promote.—The spring of action of my life was also different from that of your lordship—a love of literary fame was my ruling passion, and I was resolved to gratify this favourite propensity at all hazards.—Your motives might be more laudable because more disinterested—mine were inoffensive, and I flatter myself that mankind were made more happy, and not more miserable, by my works.

Lord Herbert. It would not become me either to be too severe in condemning your principles of conduct, or too sanguine in applauding my own.—Both perhaps appeared laudable to ourselves. I cannot, however, forbear to remark that a desire of literary fame, when formed into a ruling passion, is incompatible with those refined and disinterested motives which ought to influence the man of science.—The love of truth is the predominant principle in the mind of the philosopher, and all other favourite propensities in the human heart are only estimable in proportion as they are rendered sub-

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servient

* *Vid. Lelland's View of Deist. Writers. Lond. Edit. p. 41.*

servient to it. You will forgive me, also, when I refuse to allow that the principles you disseminated tended to promote the real good and felicity of mankind.—Not satisfied with attempting to set aside the great system of truth contained in Revelation, you strenuously endeavoured to overthrow the principles of natural religion, and what was more astonishing and bold, to call in question the reality of virtue, and thus daringly to shake the fabrick of morality from its foundations.—Born with a turn for refinement, and subtle in reasoning beyond others, you perhaps thought that the evidence upon which the grand principles of natural religion and morality rested was unsatisfactory, and animated by a love of fame you boldly strove to overturn it; but I must say, that the attempt, however pleasing to yourself, and however much relished and applauded by an unthinking world, was inhuman and cruel. In this enterprise, daringly undertaken, you endeavoured to transport mankind into the barren and joyless regions of scepticism—to subvert the laws of society, to weaken the force of moral obligation, to destroy every spring of virtue, and consequently every source of happiness in the human mind, and to substitute in the place of the present system *doubt, confusion, and anarchy*. The principles of natural religion and morality had long been esteemed as resting on the surest foundation. They were the permanent supports of human life. But in the pursuits of literary fame, you employed all your acumen which was naturally great, in shewing that they were vain and imaginary, and in endeavouring to deprive mankind of those objects on which with so much fondness they seemed to doat. If the doctrines you advanced, Sir, were only airy and refined speculations, you ought to have guarded mankind against the deception. If, on the contrary, they had your belief, it would doubtless have been humane to have concealed them, till such time as you could have furnished the world with a happier system, founded upon better, more extensive and solid grounds.

Mr. Hume. The charge your lordship brings against me is a heavy one, and must draw deep in its consequences

if equally well supported. Your lordship will admit that the principles of scepticism and infidelity I propagated had a tendency to bring down those monuments which a blind superstition, and a wonder-working enthusiasm had laboured to erect. My books, instead of detracting from the happiness of mankind, or loosening the bonds of society, were at last relished and applauded by the world. Whilst they checked bigotry they gave mankind a greater enlargement of thought. They had also the happy tendency to lessen that blind reverence the world so foolishly entertained for the priesthood—and what was above all things most dear to me, they gave me a literary reputation, which from very small beginnings grew to an exceeding height, which at my death I foresaw would increase still more, and which made me entertain the flattering hope that posterity would perpetuate my fame by erecting a lasting monument to my memory*.

Lord Herbert. You press me to the disagreeable task of revealing to you the opinion of a shade, with regard to your works, whose sagacity was great, and whose penetration gave him an uncommon knowledge of causes from an examination of their effects. Allow me then to acquaint you, that your works, though they might have been justly praised on account of their elegance and ingenuity, would have received no other marks of distinction had not the manners of the times been favourable to the principles you taught. They would have been treated as the refined speculations of a subtle disputant, had not profligacy and a turn for refined reasoning weakened the common sense of mankind, and the irascible splanetic spirit of a churchman, who perhaps ought to have overlooked the violent attacks of Deists, rescued from obscurity publications which had nothing else to recommend them than the elegance of style in which they were written, and the ingenuity they possessed of varnishing over falsehood, by giving it the semblance of truth. That error which you discerned clearly in others, you yourself insensibly slid into; and whilst with all the parade of freedom of thought, you censured the intolerable zeal of the clergy, you were

* *Vide Codicil to Mr. Hume's last will,*

as great a bigot, because equally tenacious of your principles, as they.—Blessed with a disposition naturally cool and resolute, you indeed graced your notions by a life adorned with the external garb of many of the virtues, and in the pleasing prospect of having your name eternized, you finished your days with that composure which was really expected by the thinking part of mankind, but which was the surprise and astonishment of many, who foolishly imagined that a man's behaviour in the view of death is the sure test of the truth of those principles, which when in life he endeavoured to establish. In short, although your friends have exhibited you as "approaching as nearly as the frailty of human nature would admit, to the character of the truly wise and virtuous man,"* you must allow me to say, that you was actuated by the lowest motives, and as your principles of conduct were like those of many others, so different from mine, you must excuse my accepting that honour you were good enough to mean me, and which with so much courtesy you was pleased to offer.

Mr. Hume. I am heartily sorry that your lordship should think so very unfavourably of me and my principles. It is not my turn to be ready in reply, but I will not despair of giving your lordship ample satisfaction at another time, with regard to my conduct. Permit me now to say, that principles, when properly considered, differ more in appearance than in reality. They depend upon the imagination for their existence, and are only "*certain colourings which it gives to action.*" They are therefore precarious, unstable, and—

Lord Herbert. Recur not, Sir, to those sceptical notions which are contained in your works for a defence of your conduct. These are the cobwebs which have concealed the truth from your disordered mind.—And though you thought it prudent to remain in contemptuous silence, your principles, I have learned, were amply refuted in your own time. The manly sense and penetrating eye of Dr. Oswald, and the searching and reflecting mind of Dr. Reid detected the fallacy of your fine spun reasonings, whilst the exposing

irony and ridicule of Dr. Beattie (though perhaps the least philosopher of the three) were more successful in laying open your sophistry, and in holding you up as a spectacle of public wonder and disgrace.—But I shall ever be ready to listen, with attention and candour, to whatever you have to offer in your own defence.—But who comes this way? It is Mercury, the volatile messenger of the Gods.

Mercury. Gentlemen, I must inform you, that, by virtue of a privilege which belongs to me, I have though unseen, overheard your conversation.—It is my genius sometimes to amuse myself at the expence of the learned. My Lord Herbert, I must mortify you so far as to inform you, that for the knowledge and certainty of those articles of religion, which you so vainly boasted were fully discoverable by reason, you was much indebted to that book which wise men have judged to be a revelation from Heaven, but know for your comfort, that as your principles were so liberal and good, you have escaped the disapprobation of the Gods.—*Mr. Hume*, what I have in commission for you will be less pleasing because awful, and justly severe.—Know then, that he who attempts to discredit the doctrines of religion and morality, prostitutes every rational principle of belief in his mind, and is the enemy of Gods and of men. The abilities which you possessed, Sir, were great, and had they been properly employed, might have been eminently useful to mankind: but those talents with which nature had so richly endued you, you basely perverted, and turned into instruments of destruction.—Whilst you propagated notions favourable to the vicious practice of a dissolute world, you did eminent injury to society, and by ministering to the pleasures of the dissipated, you exhibited yourself as the pander and pimp of mankind. You perverted the natural powers of judging in your own mind, you refined yourself out of reason, and reasoned away your common sense till at last, by overlooking great things and resting on small, you became sceptic through credulity. Your reputation was raised by the applause of a world intemperately fond of these principles, and jejune speculations. It en-

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* *Vide Dr. Smith's letter on the death of Mr. Hume, addressed to Mr. Strachan Bookseller, London.*

creased like the bubble which is blown up, and sheltered from the destructive storm, but which must at last burst and vanish on account of its own emptiness. With my Caduceus I unveil your principles and conduct, and give you a full revelation of yourself. Tremble at this prospect, and know that he who has the audacity to call in question the fundamental principles of religion and morality, from the same motives with you, though he may have the applause of men, has the disapprobation of the Gods.

Mr. Hume. Where am I? Doubtless in some unexplored region. The

force of sceptical principles is now of no avail. I must both perceive and believe my own folly, and lament my wretched perversions. Philosophy! how vain are thy dreams! O that I were permitted to return to the world that I might recant those false doctrines which I was once so zealous to maintain. A task which I now see is as necessary as it was formerly disagreeable to perform.

Mercury. What you so eagerly desire it is impossible even for the Gods to grant. Fate has decreed the reverse, for shades who have once past the Stygian flood can never more return.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. ANECDOTES OF THE CELEBRATED BISHOP ATTERBURY.

THE late Bishop Newton was Captain of Westminster School, when their * governor, the dean, in August 1712, not many days after performing the last office at the magnificent funeral of the great Duke of Marlborough, was taken into custody, and carried before a committee of the Privy Council, where, being under examination, he made use of those words of our Saviour: "If I tell you, ye will not believe; and if I also ask you, ye will not answer me, nor let me go;" and he was committed a prisoner to the Tower for treasonable practices. There is too much reason to fear that the bishop had been dabbling in this kind of politics, but a full and clear detection of the conspiracy was never obtained. The ministry had got some scent of his intrigues, but could not follow him through all his turnings and windings, nor, with all their sagacity, could trace him directly to his cover. They had little better evidence than hearsays, conjectures, and innuendos; and could procure no sufficient legal proof to convict him by a trial at law. Recourse was had therefore to a bill of pains and penalties, to deprive him of all his preferments, and to banish him the kingdom; which, after long a debate, was carried by a considerable majority in both houses. In this debate the Duke of Wharton exerted himself greatly, summed up the evidence in a masterly manner, and made one of the best and ablest speeches against the bill,

which he caused to be printed, and entered a larger and more particular protest, dissentient for the same reasons as other lords, and for other reasons additional. Hereby he verified in some measure, what his father the old Marquis, had in his anger predicted of him, that he would always take wrong courses, would learn his politics of Atterbury and be ruined. His brethren the bishops were all unanimous against him. The only one who spoke in his behalf and protested, was Gastrell Bishop of Chester, who had yet been at variance with him. Willis Bishop of Salisbury made a long and laboured speech on the other side, which he published soon after, and was rewarded by the Bishoprick of Winchester, as Bishop Hoadly was by succeeding to Salisbury. Lord Bathurst wondering at this unanimity said, that he could not possibly account for it, unless some persons were possessed with the notion of the wild Indians, that when they had killed a man, they were not only intitled to his spoils, but inherited likewise his abilities. Bishop Hoadly was no speaker in the House, but he took another course. He had all along pursued Atterbury with unrelenting animosity, had first attacked his sermon at the funeral of Mr. Bennet, then his sermon upon Charity, afterwards set forth an answer in English to his Latin sermon before the clergy, and still continued the pursuit, and stuck in his skirts to the last, by writing in a weekly journal a refutation of his speech,

* Atterbury.

and a vindication of the judgement passed upon him: so that a gentleman of wit and learning alluding to Bishop Hoadly's lameness, applied that saying in Horace,

*Rare antecedentem scelestum,
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.*

The power of parliament in such matters is indeed not to be questioned; it may be as unlimited and omnipotent as you please; but yet bills of attainder and of pains and penalties are not to be employed upon slight occasions, but only in cases of great and urgent necessity for the preservation of the king and kingdom. Whether this was an occasion, worthy of such extraordinary exertion of power, many doubted at that time, and many will perhaps doubt always; for the danger was then all over; the conspiracy, whatever it was, had above a year before been so far discovered as to put the ministry upon the guard, and to give them time to prevent the ill effects of it; and nothing strengthens the hands of government more than a plot discovered and defeated. It was said that a detestable and horrid conspiracy was formed for raising an insurrection and rebellion in the kingdom, for seizing the Tower and the city of London, and for laying violent hands upon the persons of the King and the Prince of Wales. But how was all this to have been effected? It did not appear that there were any meetings or combinations of numbers of men for this purpose: no sums of money were collected, no stands of arms provided, no officers appointed, no soldiers raised and mustered, not even a single man in arms. So that some have suspected there was more truth than there should have been in * that confession of the villain Neynoe, that he knew nothing of the plot, but he knew of two other plots, one of his own to get money from Mr. Walpole, and the other of Mr. Walpole against the protesting lords, and particularly against the Bishop of Rochester the chief of them, to pull down the pride of that haughty prelate. But though it did not appear that the bishop had any concern and connexion with Layer, and Layer's plot, yet there was a greater intimacy between him and Kelly than either of them would ac-

knowledge: for the young gentleman, who lived at that time in the bishop's house, as his son's tutor and companion, has often said, that Kelly used to come to him frequently, commonly once in a week, on a Thursday evening, and to stay shut up with him alone from seven o'clock till nine. The Earl of Sunderland too, who was strongly suspected to have been of the same way of thinking, but died before the discovery, though he had no manner of acquaintance with the bishop, or rather was at enmity with him in former times, yet in his latter days, made him long and frequent visits, as even the King's scholars observed, who walking and playing much in Dean's Yard, had yet curiosity enough to remark who and what passed. Some of his negotiations also with the Pretender's agents, after his going abroad, have been published in the year 1768, with a *fac simile*, or exemplification of his hand writing, which whoever knew, he cannot well entertain any doubt of their authenticity.

At his trial he had produced Mr. Pope as an evidence in his favour, to speak to his manner of life and conversation: and when he took his last leave of him, he told him, he would allow him to say his sentence was just, if ever he found he had any concerns with the Pretender's family in his exile. But notwithstanding this, as Bishop Warburton informs us, Mr. Pope was convinced, before the Bishop's death, that, during his banishment, he was in the intrigues of the Pretender. It was most excellent advice which Mr. Pope gave him in some of his parting letters, that he should not envy the world his studies; that it might be Providence had appointed him to some great and useful work, and called him to it in this severe way; that now he was cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, he should bend his talents not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind; that he should think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon; that he should remember, the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed most in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death; that he should despise all little views, all mean retrospects, and should (as he could) make the world look after him, not with pity, but with esteem

* See the speeches of Constantine Phipps and Duke Wharton.

esteem and admiration. And it is much to be lamented, that this advice was no better followed, that such talents and faculties were no better employed, and that he was still dealing in politics, instead of writing some work of genius and learning, of which he was very capable. He wrote only two or three little pieces, his Essay on the character of Jaspis in Virgil, his Vindication of Dr. Aldrich, Dr. Smalldrige, and himself, from the charge * of interpolating Lord Clarendon's history, and little or nothing besides, but a few criticisms on some French authors. For though he would never venture to talk or converse in French, yet as Mons.

Rollin and Thiriot, to whom Voltaire addressed his letters on the English nation, have assured us he was as able a critic in the language as any Frenchman. After the Westminster election in 1723 was over, some of the King's scholars thought it a proper piece of respect to wait upon their late Dean in the Tower, as every body had then free admittance to see and to take leave of him: and among other things which he said to them, he applied to himself those lines of Milton, as he did likewise in a letter to Mr. Pope:

The world is all before me, where to choose
My place of rest, and Providence my guide.

* This charge was very invidiously brought against him and his colleagues of Christ Church, by that republican bigot Oldmixon, in his Preface to the History of the Stuarts. The design of it was to depreciate the merit of Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, by bringing its authenticity in question. Oldmixon pretended to have received his information from Colonel Ducket; and Ducket fathered it on Edmund Smith, the poet, who, according to this fabricated account, saw the original MS. at Oxford, with the interpolations of the Christ Church gentlemen. This story was never communicated to the public till near 20 years after the death of Smith; and many have supposed it to have been solely an imposition of Ducket's, eagerly caught at by Oldmixon, to serve the ends of a party. Atterbury explicitly and solemnly denied the whole accusation.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

WILL-WITH-A-WISP'S REMARKS ON GOSPEL QUACKERY.

THE various devices by which mankind in a state of society prey on each other, afford me abundant amusement. I have long observed, that every degree of success, especially in the religious world, is generally less or more in proportion to the ignorance, the frenzy, and the boldness of the principal actors.

I begin my animadversions on religious imposture for two reasons, which ought to have weight with every author who like me, aspires at immortality. One is, that as it characterises the spirit, nothing can make a better introduction to my account of a sanctimonious swindler. And the other which is of still greater consequence is, that it seems from its nature and tendency, like certain acids, happily calculated to give the reader a good stomach for the dish I am now to set before him.

In the busy word foresight procures credit as infallibly as money does respect. Indeed cunning and cash are as indispensable to mortals in a state of

society, as feet to beasts in the field, fins to fish in the sea, and wings to fowls in the air. No character in human life, unless we should except that of the most abject poverty, is more universally ridiculous than the abortive schemer. Confusion perhaps despair is the certain consequence of his failure. His blunders, however venal, are virulently exposed by cynics, and invidiously magnified by rivals. Instead of pitying him as misfortunate, they deride him as a fool. We may read his feelings in those of the bankrupt who has not sufficiently enriched himself at the expence of his creditors, in those of a minister who has been outwitted in politics, in those of an author to whose merit the publick still continue obdurate, and in those of a lofty coquette, who regrets her caprice only when her charms have lost their power.

But quacks of the gospel kidney look a little farther before their nose. Life is with them the first object, and a most important object it is. They know

know well, how much futurity depends on the present, and that there is no living in the next world without previously living in this. And in their creed the salvation of the body very seriously presupposes that of the soul. For how can the capital concerns of the one be minded, while those of the other, however inferior, are forgotten. What seems no indirect proof of these remarks is, that we rarely find a very meagre carcase connected with any striking superiority of parts. And it stands to reason and experience that the lodger be known by the lodgings.

Yet this theory, plausible as it may seem to a superficial observer, like most other modern ones, is liable to many exceptions. These, by the way, are of mighty convenience, and for that reason seldom unwelcome to authors of a certain description. Whenever, as is frequently the case with the brightest of us all, they feel their genius rather more than commonly coddled, sophistry operates on imagination as diarrhoeic pills do on the body: or rather what is a more cleanly figure, though not one half so expressive, it is precisely to drawlers in prose what the muse is to high-flyers in rhyme; they need but invoke her aid and she instantly conjures up matter in abundance. By this happy invention in the quackery of book-making the whole scribbling fraternity have hitherto kept one another in countenance. Many are the shining examples which illustrate this observation. Priestley, Price, and Shebbeare, those literary stars, which in spite of Skakespeare's philosophy, still keep *their motion in one sphere*, are instances in point. In humble imitation of such exalted names, here am I at a very mortifying distance mustering up the best of my polemical forces. And under the sanction of an authority at once so established and peremptory, it is expected once for all that the critics will excuse me in thus availing myself of the common etiquette of the trade.

It will probably be asked with a sneer, for interrogation and impertinence are mostly inseparable—Is genius then to be rated merely by strength of stomach, as pulpit oratory and opera singing often are by that of lungs? Here an impudent and ludicrous comparison may likewise be stated between

big-bellied citizens and skeleton lords. The obligations I am under to either, are by no means likely to bias my judgement. The former it is well known eat and drink with the same avidity at table, that they cheat and monopolize at 'Change. Nor is it yet settled among the calculators of the day whether their powers of juggling or digestion be the most potent or considerable. So that in the delicate arts of gormondizing and corpulence, they certainly distance all the commoners and nobility in the world. It seems odd enough, and I make no apology for the remark, that some of the greatest fortunes in the kingdom can hardly furnish their owners with a decent exterior of skin and bone. Indeed there is not a more ludicrous problem in the whole range of artificial life than that so many can scarcely live on the largest estate, while nine out of ten daily make shift to live without any at all.

To live, then, which doubtless is the most laudable and indispensable of all human pursuits, is the general but single aim, in which all denominations of religious swindlers agree. This occupies the center of their system, and is the great master spring whence all their complicated movements originate. Since true wisdom therefore lies chiefly in the adaption of the means to the end, their singular dexterity and address in accomplishing this important purpose may be considered as a specimen of their's.

It is wonderful how forcibly *ignorance* operates in their favour. They seem by a strange but lucky coincidence of circumstances, to succeed in every thing without design. From this singularity in their manners and history, it has been said of them with more acrimony than shrewdness, that like certain animals they see best in the dark. For without any apparent inconvenience, they generally make their way where no body else could. They preside over the minds of the mob with awful supremacy. Their prescriptions, injunctions, and denunciations acquire additional sanction and solemnity from the murky medium, whence they are fulminated, and the palpable gloom that surrounds them. Nay such is the pathos of their elocution, that it has been sometimes known to discompose the muscles of a cynic's countenance, and reach the bot-

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tom of a miser's pocket. Even obstinacy, which all the energies of power and persuasion combined are often unable to bend, hears their potent voice and obeys. The acquisition of ideas can therefore be no object to them, as it would certainly retard, rather than facilitate, their schemes of ambition. This rids them of a thousand inconveniencies which damn a great many more intelligent adventurers. The truth is, did they know more they would hazard less, and there is nothing like a bold stroke to desperate gamblers. Too much science might confound their puny understandings, just as too much light dazzles weak eyes. Their capacities indeed seem framed only for the most partial conception of things. Nor could they grasp at more without improving themselves out of every advantage they possess. And they have a great deal too much at stake to risque the experiment. Which of their impostures would not then be detected by the officious inquisition of taste, though they had none of conscience. And sure they could not reap much benefit from the most unprincipled heart, while thus inveigled with a chaste and delicate imagination.

Ignorance, however, would do but little for us, were we not also *mad*. Stoics have been long banished the society of Quacks, as drones equally useless and burdensome. Your cool dispassionate spirits are by no means fitted for living in such a fiery element. In which of the arts or sciences is any discovery made or any excellence acquired, till the mind has felt something like a temporary shock of electricity. Is it not then that she rises so vastly superior to herself, and soars with equal rapidity and sublimity, far beyond all the little limitations of order or controul. Yes! it was on some such glorious excursion as this, that a few daring originals in the political sphere, struck out the present inextinguishable flame of British patriotism, that our petit philosophers have so nobly asserted the independence of this world, by detaching it thus thoroughly and cavalierly from the next, and that critics by profession, for the consolation of all writers without brains, have so peremptorily assigned the greatest success to those who have the least merit. But, of allswindling adventurers, those

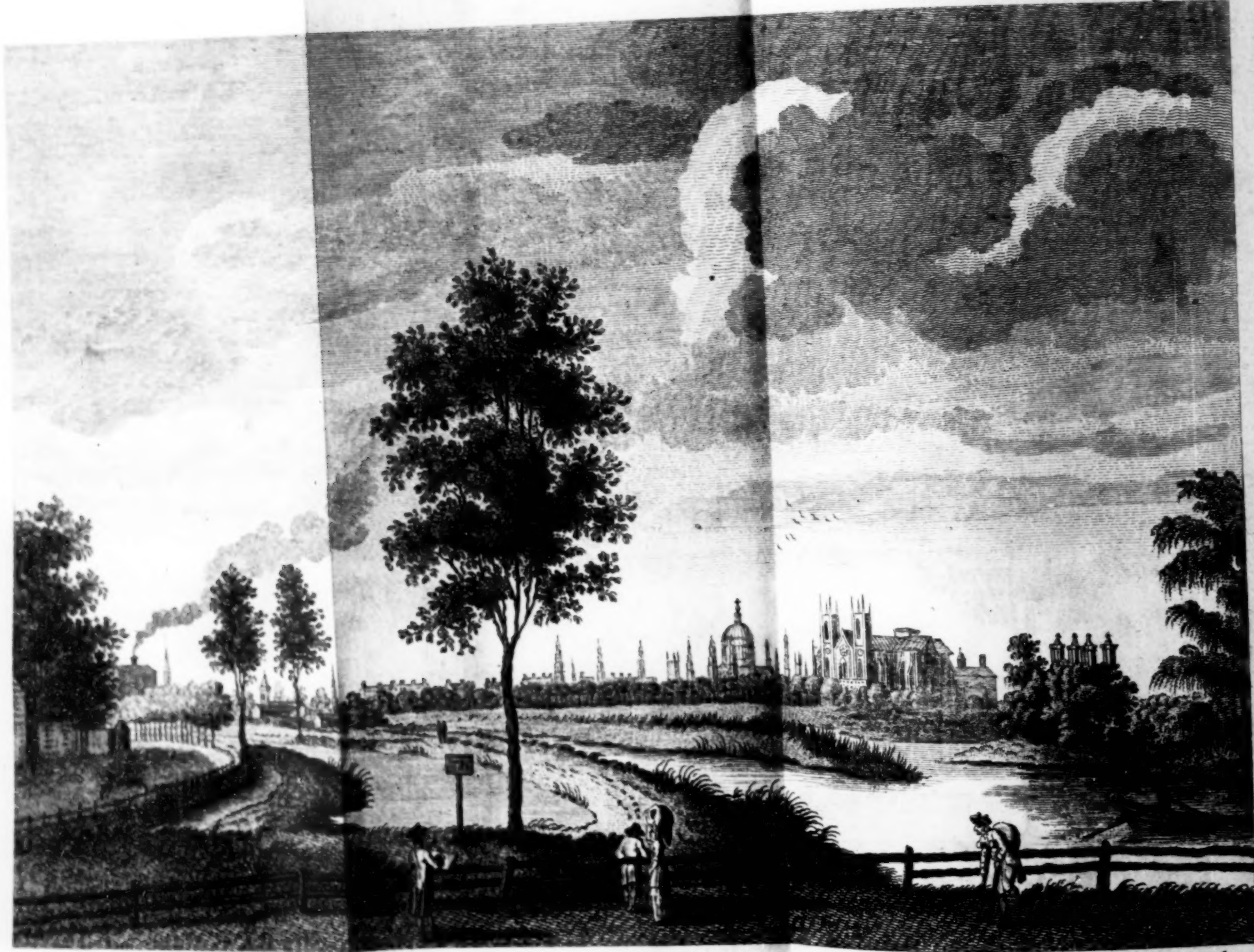
of the pious or caterwauling kind exemplify this doctrine most successfully. They literally glory in the most frantic appearances they make. And well they may, for by a peculiar dexterity in turning the various foibles of humanity to their own emolument, they sometimes supplant wisdom with folly, honesty with knavery, and innocence with guilt. Would you see their extravagancies in full perfection, go to the Foundry, the Tabernacles, the Chapels, the Meeting-houses. There like other itinerant mountebanks, they exhibit all their powers of address in puffing their various nostrums. The beautiful incoherence of their ideas, the sublime irregularity of their manner, the emphatic solemnity they affect, and the furious vociferation in which they deliver themselves, operate in these conventicles, on the simple mechanism of uninformed minds, with all the energy of magic. Their followers are too deeply absorbed in the bustle on such occasions, either to hear, or see, or think, or feel for themselves. These holy conjurors juggle them at once out of sensation and reflection. Their fury strikes them as zeal, their levity as spirit, their whining as piety, their demure looks as indications of sanctity, their distortion of body as sensibility of mind, and their boisterous verbosity as devotional fervour. It is not in these droll harangues what is proper that pleases, but what is violent that surprises, what is sneaking that soothes, and what is sophistical that charms. Hence assertion is substituted for proof, asperity for seriousness, the growling of petulance for the gentle accents of persuasion, and personal reflection for the generous invectives of indignant virtue.

Nothing does their business so completely as a *good front*. Without this original and fundamental talent, all others were inadequate to the task. And who knows not that dullness and temerity are more than a match for all the science and sensibility in the world. True genius is in everlasting bondage to a certain innate timidity, which shrinks instinctively from the rude caresses of the vulgar. Modesty is that to genius which chastity is to virginity, the only thing which renders it at once lovely and valuable. Now modesty would rather be unknown than ostentatious.

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James Roberts sculp.

A View of LONDON, Taken from the Bridge, near Chelsea.

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current coin through all the dominions
of nature, but quackery is an usurper
and treats it every where as a counter-
feit. Ask for example, the great, the
rich, the wise. Are the best among
them always preferred? To whom are
offices of trust and consequence com-
mitted? To those who possess every
qualification but friends, or those who
have no other. On whom are places of
profit bestowed? On the worthy with-
out interest, or the worthless with it.
Interest, however, with all its potent
energies depends on the same causes
which regulates every other link in
the great chain of human life. And
it is wonderful how curiously and tho-
roughly the largest machines are gene-
rally guided by the smallest springs.

EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

wrote these remarks, I
thought that such Te-
lescopes, in use in some
places, but having never
seen one of the kind in
this country, I insert the fol-
lowing description.

Correspondents could
procure one of a large
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they either disgust or

ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF TELESCOPES.

THE error arising from the different
apertures of object glasses, respecting
only the different refrangibilities, are
as the diameters of the said apertures,
therefore, if you decrease the magnify-
ing power in a telescope, in the same
proportion you may increase the aper-
ture, and the objects by that means
will appear more luminous, for the
light in the focus of each point will be
in proportion as the square of the a-
perature, but if the magnifying power
be decreased, equally luminous objects,
formed in the focus of an object glass,
will appear more illuminated in pro-
portion as the square of the magnifying
power decreases, which by what is said
before, is as the square of the apertures
increase. Therefore the objects will
appear luminous in proportion as the
fourth powers of the apertures. Hence
any proportion of light may be given
to telescopes.

Now to make a telescope for seeing
any object under water, the light must
be increased, and it is requisite that in
all the refractions, the rays of light
should not be disturbed by irregularities
in the surfaces of each medium. To
effect this take a plane convex lense of
the focal length you intend your tele-
scope for your object glass, and fasten
it to a tube with its plain side out-
most, so that the whole may be so tight

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ostentatious. Modesty is the mother of the graces, between whose gentle nature and that of temerity, there is an irreconcilable antipathy. Modesty resides in the midst of a thousand little blushes which the world in general have not delicacy enough to relish. Modesty is too nearly allied to probity, simplicity, and purity, these obsolete virtues not to be under the severest prescription of Quackery, To that genius and modesty are constantly precipitated into one blunder after another. Always diffident and undesigning like warriors without their armour, every part about them is vulnerable. They suspect none, and are for that reason suspected by all. Genius, known by the impression of modesty, passes for

current coin through all the dominions of nature, but quackery is an usurper and treats it every where as a counterfeit. Ask for example, the great, the rich, the wise. Are the best among them always preferred? To whom are offices of trust and consequence committed? To those who possess every qualification but friends, or those who have no other. On whom are places of profit bestowed? On the worthy without interest, or the worthless with it. Interest, however, with all its potent energies depends on the same causes which regulates every other link in the great chain of human life. And it is wonderful how curiously and thoroughly the largest machines are generally guided by the smallest springs.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

SINCE I first wrote these remarks, I have been informed that such Telescopes are already in use in some parts of England, but having never seen one, nor any thing of the kind in print, I beg you will insert the following in your Magazine.

If any of your correspondents could give us some description of a large telescope made by Mr. Herschell, and likewise the place as to latitude and longitude, or the present right ascension and declination of Mr. Herschell's new discovered planet, he would certainly very much oblige the people of this town. We have lately had a lecturer here who has put strange notions in our heads. Amongst other things, he told us that the telescope made by Mr. Herschell magnifies 6500, if it doth, I think the diameter of the object metal can hardly be less than seven feet, and the length above two hundred feet—and that the stars must appear through it of all manner of colours. And then I should think the telescope more fit to amuse children than to be of use in astronomy. But if it doth not colour it should be contradicted, for all persons who read lectures, ought to be acquainted with the subject they treat of, otherwise instead of instructing their hearers, they either disgust or mislead them.

H, K.

Bristol, February 5, 1783.

LOND, MAG. Feb. 1783.

ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF TELESCOPES.

THE error arising from the different apertures of object glasses, respecting only the different refrangibilities, are as the diameters of the said apertures, therefore, if you decrease the magnifying power in a telescope, in the same proportion you may increase the aperture, and the objects by that means will appear more luminous, for the light in the focus of each point will be in proportion as the square of the aperture, but if the magnifying power be decreased, equally luminous objects, formed in the focus of an object glass, will appear more illuminated in proportion as the square of the magnifying power decreases, which by what is said before, is as the square of the apertures increase. Therefore the objects will appear luminous in proportion as the fourth powers of the apertures. Hence any proportion of light may be given to telescopes.

Now to make a telescope for seeing any object under water, the light must be encreased, and it is requisite that in all the refractions, the rays of light should not be disturbed by irregularities in the surfaces of each medium. To effect this take a plane convex lense of the focal length you intend your telescope for your object glass, and fasten it to a tube with its plain side outermost, so that the whole may be so tight

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that when the end of the tube is immersed in water, none can possibly get within the tube, but the glass must be so set, that not any thing may project beyond its plain surface, else the air would lodge there, and it would not answer the end; the rest of the telescope is to be made in the usual manner, any motion under the surface of the water will not disturb vision, for the

motion of light being so quick that it bears not any proportion to it. I know it may be effected with object glasses of other figures, and one may perhaps be made the refraction of whose second surface shall correct the colours of the first, but this being so easily put in practice, and likewise will answer as a common land telescope, made me give it the preference.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE enclosed well written paper deserves to be preserved. It is calculated to shew the present decline of our military genius, and gives no inadequate representation of our circumstances, about the conclusion of our last as contrasted with that of the preceding war; your inserting it will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

ON THE MILITARY GENIUS OF NATIONS.

MUCH praise is undoubtedly due to the moderns, for softening the very horrors of war with a dash of humanity. Blessed be the genius of that propitious and divine science, which tames the most boisterous and inveterate habits of savage man, and reconciles him even when his heart is inflamed, and all his passions in arms, to the first and noblest duty of his nature. Such is the obvious and unavoidable tendency of this sublime philosophy, which, whether of earthly or heavenly extraction, gives all our finer feelings something like a supernatural charm, and in the exertion of every moral power raises us literally above ourselves.

How shocking the cruelties, massacres, and depredations, which in the dark ferocious ages of antiquity, marked the mutual attacks and repulses of hostile and rival nations? The vast carnage every where produced by their broils, their sieges, their battles, and campaigns, seems to our pigmy understandings, even in the simple narrations of their most authentic historians, incredible! They never met but to fight! Nor ever fought but with the firmest and fiercest resolution of conquering or dying on the spot. At least, they spent but little of their time, or strength, or

address, in the idle ceremony of manœuvring. It was skill indeed, but not without vigour and action, that gained them victory. Nor in their estimation was it any material object who had the largest army, or the most advantageous post, but who, independent of every such contingency, took most prisoners, killed most men, or achieved most honour.

These principles and sentiments frequently occasioned the most bloody and desperate conflicts, and yet the peculiar fierceness and intrepidity that accompanied them were also productive of many salutary consequences to society. These valiant, enterprising, and unrelenting qualities of all the heroes of the first ages, who had no settlement but what they procured by the sword, kept up the attention of mankind to an art which they soon knew essential to their safety. This gave birth to emulation in all athletic exercises, and teaching individuals respect for the abilities of one another, happily cherished and called forth as occasion offered the brightest virtues of manhood. This, by every one's feeling his own influence, and observing with what superior force he exerted himself in concert with other of his fellow creatures, imparted a sensible dignity to human nature. This awed the rising genius of ambition, suppressed the proud usurpations of tyranny, and bade liberty and independence live and reign and triumph in their stead. And so the fact, that the moment liberty abandoned the celebrated states of Greece and Rome, the military science declined, admits of this easy and natural solution: Superior adroitness in the use of arms was no longer, save in a secondary sense, either honourable or advantageous

geous to a soldier! The King, his master or tyrant was the first object of regard, in all the praise and applause his best endeavours could at any time command. Hence the warlike measures of those unrivalled warriors became less spirited and sagacious, their armies less disciplined, and all their exertions less immediate or vigorous or decisive.

So that as sure as the military or soldiers of such a republican government as that of England, which has its foundation in the purest principles of political liberty, degenerate, we may take it for granted something unsound, or heterogeneous, affects, or rather adulterates the constitution. While the officers of the crown are treated with sufficient confidence and respect, there is not a doubt but their orders will every where take the readiest effect; and with us, none but a *bad* can ever be an *unpopular* minister; nor thus circumstanced, are the best qualities that ever enriched humanity, any just reason for admitting or retaining an obnoxious character in place. Even the capacity and virtues of a *Chatham* had been wholly inadequate to the sphere he occupied, without the unanimous suffrage and preference of the nation at large.

A comparison of the operations last war, with those of the present, aptly illustrates this idea: It is hard to say whether our various campaigns and expeditions then were more sagaciously planned or executed, discovered more promptitude and address in the cabinet or the field. One great commanding genius equally pervaded all the machinery of government, animated and gave the fullest and most certain effect to every movement at home and abroad. Our admirals swept the surrounding seas, and extorted from all our naval

competitors the most ready and unreserved homage to the British flag. Our generals and troops, prompted by the hearty and universal concurrence, and fired with the natural and just indignation of a generous and undivided empire, were in every part of the world valiant and victorious. The very hind that trudges at the plough was not less elated by the grandeur of his country, than the peer that lolls in his coach; and neighbouring nations witnessed her momentary splendour with astonishment and envy.

What a shocking picture do these facts exhibit of her present distressful circumstances! Is the prosperity of nations, then, on which the accumulated stores of wisdom and science are so lavishly expended, as capricious and evanescent as the transitory bloom of youth and beauty? Genius of gallantry and success, who gavest expansion and magnanimity to the mind of a *Pitt*, and brooded with more than a paternal fondness over all the daring and immortal enterprises of a *Wolfe* and a *Hawke*, whither hast thou fled? Are not our traders captured, our merchants beggared, our coasts insulted, the channels of our commerce in possession of the enemy, and our fleets hovering in their face, unwilling either to give or accept the challenge? Nor are our land forces in a much more respectable predicament. That petty handful of brave Britons, who started up as by inspiration, a glorious phalanx either to die, or stagger, or impede the blind temerity of despotism, are still as sanguine, as firm, and as dreadful as ever. The few dastardly traitors, who had neither heart nor principle to share their immortality, but give fresh spirits to their former resolutions, and additional infamy to those who afford them an asylum.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IN Nichols's Biographical anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer, lately published, Mr. Ephraim Chambers, author of the Cyclopædia, is said to have been born at Kendal, of parents who were Quakers, and to have been educated in that religious profession. In this account there are two mistakes. He

was born at *Milton*, a village in the county of Westmoreland. And his parents were dissenters of the Presbyterian persuasion, as were most of his relations, some of whom, and the descendants of others, are now living in this town.

Kendal, Feb. 7, 1783.

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THE HISTORY OF THE PRESENT SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE address being, as usual, the echo of his Majesty's speech occasioned some debate at the second reading in the lower House, Dec. 6. It gave Mr. Burke an opportunity of saying some very severe, and some very laughable things. His severity was pointed at the minister, while his ridicule was directed to the Speech. He considered it as equally insolent and absurd. It made his Majesty talk not as the King of a free people, but as the haughty master of hired servants. The expression which so grievously wounded the feelings of the honourable gentleman was the last. "*I call for them.*" He thought it beneath the dignity of his Majesty on the throne, and addressing the great council of the nation, to advert to the benefactions of a few private men. The object was too minute for the occasion, and totally unworthy of the parade and solemnity with which it was held out to the public. He said that Sir James Lowther's offer of a ship to government was *like a man's spitting in the ocean to enlarge it!*

Mr. Chancellor Pitt considered all this elegant raillery as very ill-timed. It was unworthy the *bearded sage*, and totally unworthy of the place and of the occasion. It was easy to turn what was serious into ridicule by low allusions, and to sink what was *great into farce*, by that lowest species of wit, burlesque. It required no extent of genius or force of understanding. It was folly's play-thing; and fools were better skilled in managing this poor bauble of fancy than the wise. At other times and in other places, or on occasions less awful and serious than the present, Mr. Burke might be allowed to indulge himself in exercises of this kind. But the present moment called for reason, not ridicule; for the deep deliberations of senators, not for the contemptible mockeries of buffoons. It was a time to argue, not to banter: and candor would be rather disposed to excuse defects than to cavil at the whole: and instead of anxiously searching out an incautious expression, to expose it to the laughter of the House, it would

rather consider the general purport, to do justice to its leading principle and ultimate object. It was curious to see a young man reading a lecture on gravity to grey hairs!—And it was provoking too. Such a lecture had all the effect of the most pointed wit; and accomplished what humour would have in vain attempted.

The decorum of the House was much broken in upon by Mr. Fox, who in attempting to repel the attack on his friend, not only gave vent to his rage against the ministers, by the most acrimonious expressions, but intrenched on an established rule, that no member should speak twice in one day's debate. This violation of order called up the Speaker. He considered his interference as absolutely necessary on the present occasion. If members were to be indulged in a licence of this sort, confusion would ensue; the House would lose its dignity; and all the great purposes of debate would in the end be frustrated.

The following day the address was read a third time, and carried to his Majesty.

Little of consequence happened in this House till the 10th. Nor were the debates of that day sufficiently interesting to be recorded in this general history, which, from its very nature, must be confined to the capital objects: those which are of importance in themselves, or which acquired distinction from some accidental associations. The chief thing that engaged the notice of the public in the proceedings of this day, was Mr. Burke's motion for leave to bring in three bills, for the sale of crown-lands, and for the uniting to the crown the Principality of Wales and the Duchy of Lancaster. Mr. Chancellor Pitt informed him that the object of his motion was included in the general reform that had been planned by his Majesty's ministers; and was therefore unnecessary to be taken up more particularly at present; or on detached grounds. Mr. Burke had, however, the honour of the original plan; and he would not resign his fair pretensions to it. Mr. Pitt hoped that the honourable

able mover had no intention of running a race with the ministers for popular favour: and Mr. Burke declared jocularly, that the idea never entered his head. He considered himself as already at the winning post. He had run the heat, and won the prize, before some colts had been brought to the starting post. Mr. Burke treated competition with scorn: and complained of having his plans stolen by those who perhaps would mar them in the execution.

On the 11th, the House met on the motion for going into a Committee of Supply, for the purpose of voting the navy. Mr. Fox disclaimed all intentions of opposing the motion. He rose from an anxious wish to obtain certainty on a matter where suspense was too painful to be borne by a man who had his country's interest at heart. He wished to know what progress had been made in the negotiations for peace; and how far the expectations which Mr. Secretary Townshend's letter to the Lord-Mayor had created, were likely to be gratified. The object was still kept at a distance; still enveloped in uncertainty. Previous to the vote of Supplies, he thought the House should insist on some satisfaction on this head. He called for the provisional treaty with America: and thought, as the terms were known to our enemies, they should not be kept a secret to ourselves. Mr. Townshend, however, did not think it expedient to gratify his request, and as his motives for writing the letter to the Lord-Mayor originated in the purest motives to serve the public, and particularly to prevent the evils that might arise from gambling and speculations in the alley, he had no apology to offer for his conduct: and with respect to the secrecy that was observed by the ministry, he was so convinced of its necessity, that he would not trouble the House with an explanation, but leave it to time to justify the conduct of administration. Governor Johnstone reprobated the silence of ministers on a subject that ought to be generally known, and publicly canvassed; and spoke with more than usual asperity against the presumption of those who dared to recognize the independence of America without the most explicit consent of parliament. Mr. Eden, considering the American independence as a point so universally

settled as that it could not be annulled, would not embarrass ministry on this head. Whether it *had* actually taken place, or *was* eventually to take place, when the preliminaries for a general peace were ratified by the powers at war, was more a dispute about words than facts.

Mr. Burke surmised that there was something of consequence veiled by the mysterious silence of the ministers, which parliament should insist on bringing to light, that the real object might be viewed, and not an ideal one imagined. Ministers, he thought, had contradicted themselves; and from hence he conjectured, that all was not right. Delusion existed somewhere.

Mr. Chancellor Pitt persisted with the Secretary of State in maintaining secrecy, on a subject that could not be discussed in the present undecided state of it without infinite hazard. He lodged his appeal with some future day, and submitted his honour to the issue of the trial when the day of inquisition came. It would be needless to detail the speeches of other members on the subject proposed by Mr. Fox. His friends pursued his track: and Mr. Sheridan in particular, confirmed Mr. Burke's hints respecting the contradictions of the ministers. Mr. Courtenay, as usual, shewed how much a man may be at ease even when *the old mansion* (to use his own allusion) *is ready to tumble about his ears!* He satyrized the minister in a style of ironical compliment, and said he had given a fresh proof of his talents in disseminating discordant opinions for the sake of unanimity!

When Mr. Brett moved that 110,000 seamen be granted for the ensuing year, Capt. J. Luttrell, who seconded the motion, took an opportunity to give Mr. Fox some correction for his very fallacious representation of the state of the navy when he came into office. He had drawn a deplorable picture:—but the picture had no original—save in the imagination of spleen or ignorance. Our late successes flatly contradicted it. Let the latter be compared with the former, and every person would see how dissimilar they are in every view. Mr. Fox would not allow that his representations are so groundless as had been asserted. He acknowledged that our navy in the West Indies was found to be equal to the enemy: but this was not

not found to be the case at home when he came into office. And it was to this latter circumstance that he alluded, when he drew the melancholy picture of the British navy. Its inequality when compared with the force of our European enemies, was as *one* to *three*. He had asserted this as a fact; and he would assert it still.

Mr. Secretary Townshend felt the irksomeness of his situation. He was tortured with questions which he was able satisfactorily to answer, but was necessitated to be silent. He thought it very ungenerous in some honourable gentlemen to press him on a subject so delicate, as they must be convinced that it would be improper for him to enter into a detail of particulars in the present pending state of the negotiation.

Lord North acknowledged that he felt the perplexity of the Secretary, having been himself in a similar situation: but he would not return evil for evil. There was a time when no one was more eager than the secretary himself to press him to disclose matters, which, like the present, required inviolable secrecy. He would not revenge himself on him by following his example; so far from it, that, on the contrary, he commended him, and his associates in office, for persisting in their refusals to gratify a dangerous curiosity. He would wait the event, and flattered himself that the treaty would secure an honourable peace; or that if it failed to produce so desirable an effect, that we should universally concur in renewing the war with additional spirit and vigour.

As the speeches of the ministers were somewhat equivocal relating to the provisional treaty, it was a matter of dubious speculation, whether the independence of America was irrevocably and finally settled or not. *Lord North* thought it conditional, and only to take place in consequence of other events—such for instance, as the ratification of the treaty of peace with the other belligerent powers. *Sir William Dolben* was glad to find that this was the sentiment of the noble lord, he considered the recognition of the absolute independence of America as an unwarrantable stretch of prerogative, and called for the clear, full, and unequivocal sanction of parliament. *Sir C. Turner* contemplated the matter in another view, and from even the faint

shadow of a doubt, that the independence of America was not irrevocably established, he declared he would refuse his vote for the supply. And he did refuse it; and stood *single* in giving his negative to *Mr. Brett's* motion.

On the 12th the vote of supplies was reported from the committee, and read a second time. *Mr. Hussey* thought it needless, if we were to have the peace that we have been so much flattered with the expectation of. But *Mr. Pitt* very justly observed, that, though expected, it was not fixed: and at all events we ought to be prepared. *Mr. Hussey* objected to fresh loans: but whether (it was said in reply) we have peace or war, they are at present necessary, because we have a great debt yet unfunded.

After a few trifling matters of debate had been disposed of, *General Conway* arose, and having prefaced his motion with the warmest encomiums that he was capable of bestowing on *General Eliott*, he moved that the thanks of the House be given to that officer “for the important services he had done to this country by his brave and gallant defence of Gibraltar.” The great contention among the members seemed to be, who should outvie in the extravagance of praise. Some struggled with emotions too great for utterance! This was the case with *Lord Mulgrave*. No words were equal to his own ideas of the subject. *Hyberbole* fell short of the supereminent merit of the illustrious commander, whose genius almost surpassed comprehension, and whose conduct exceeded all praise. In the declamations of the day the whole art of rhetoric was exhausted for every figure of speech: and many, not remarkable for their powers of oratory, spontaneously caught eloquence from the subject. The general's motion met with no opposition; but in order to enhance the merit of it, *Sir George Howard* proposed an amendment by making an addition to it. After “Gibraltar” he wished to add—“the most valuable and important fortress of all our foreign possessions.” He was seconded by *Lord Fielding*; but some suspected that the amendment was more designed as a trap for the ministers, than for the sake of enhancing the value of the compliment to *General Eliott*. This motive, however, was disclaimed by *Sir George Howard*;

Howard: but the discussion of the subject naturally called forth the opinions of the various speakers, with respect to the importance of Gibraltar. An alarm had been spread either from a mischievous design, or from the apprehensions of timorous minds, that this fortress was to be ceded to the Spaniards. Some imagined this was a fit opportunity, to draw the secret out of the ministers. But the attempt was unsuccessful; and General Conway's original motion passed the House. *Colonel Onslow* thought the value of Gibraltar had been rated too high. He attempted to depreciate its worth and importance, and made no scruple to bestow upon it the most degrading epithets. However, whether a wrong estimate had been made or not of its consequence and utility to this nation, the amendment proposed was generally judged to be equally unnecessary and improper. It had the appearance of *tying up* the hands of the ministry:—they ought to be left at liberty in conducting the negotiation; if they did wrong they were amenable to the public. With these sentiments Lord Nugent, Lord Mulgrave, and Governor Johnstone opposed the amendment; though it received warm support from Mr. Burke, who thought it necessary to compleat the motion, as it connected the theatre of action to the action itself. "General Elliott (said the orator) did not act a part in a barn with a strolling company. No! his scene of action lay in the Theatre-Royal. Gibraltar was his theatre; the princes of Bourbon made a part of the splendid audience: and the celebrated line of Shakspeare might be applied to the Drama of Gibraltar,

"Princes to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene."

He spoke of Timoleon and Alexander; and spoke for the amendment. It was, however, withdrawn by Sir George Howard; as well as the other amendments that were made upon it by Mr. Dempster. When this matter was adjusted, *General Conway* moved for the thanks of the House to be given to Lord Viscount Howe, for his having so gallantly relieved the garrison of Gibraltar. As some reflections had been thrown out, though somewhat obliquely, on the conduct of Lord Howe, the first

day of the session, *Sir Charles Turner* arose on purpose to challenge any persons to support them if they had the courage to step forward. He gave a bold defiance to the enemies of the noble admiral; and declared that insinuations which tended to sully the lustre of his conduct originated in malice, and could only be maintained by falsehood. No one arose to confront Sir Charles or answer his challenge; though when the motion was put it was negatived by Governor Johnstone—and (to the credit of Lord Howe) by him *only*.

To compleat the business and to do things handsomely, that no jealousies might be awakened, and no murmurs uttered under an idea of neglect, General Conway also moved the House for a vote of thanks to Lieut. Gen. Boyd, Major-General Green, Sir Roger Curtis, and the officers, soldiers, and sailors lately employed in the defence of Gibraltar. *General Ross* proposed an amendment to the original motion, by inserting the name of Major-General La Motte, the commander of the Hanoverians. The amendment was admitted.

It should be observed that Mr. Rolle, the member for Devonshire, was the original proposer of the vote of thanks to General Elliott. He called on the ministers to know if they intended to pay this tribute of deserved honour to the great and gallant commander. He thought the motion would come very properly from them; but, if they should neglect to make it, he would bring it forward himself. The Secretary of State imagined that the general acknowledgement in his Majesty's speech of the bravery of his officers and men in the defence and relief of Gibraltar, together with those particular acknowledgements of his sense of General Elliott's meritorious conduct, which were communicated to that commander by the order of his Majesty, were sufficiently flattering, and that nothing farther was expected. Mr. Rolle differed from the secretary. It was not what General Elliott might think of his *own* merits; but what *that House* thinks of them. He would therefore take the sense of the House, unless (as he wished) he should be anticipated in this business by gentlemen in office

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.
ORIGINAL LETTERS SENT TO A FRIEND INCLINING
TOWARDS DEISM.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH you well know, from a long acquaintance and correspondence with me, that I am no enemy to the most perfect freedom of enquiry in matters of religion, being fully persuaded that this is the best, and indeed only proper method we can take in the investigation of truth; yet, I confess the positive, angry, and illiberal way in which religious controversies have been generally carried on, by people of all sects and opinions, may justly make a modest, peaceable, good-natured man cautious how, and with whom, he engageth in them.

For my own part, as I can by no means approve of the dogmatical airs, and unreasonable warmth, which I find assumed by most disputants; so, resolving to pay no regard to mere unproved assertions, nor to mistake heat for argument, I can, with a great deal of coolness, attend to the issue of almost any theological debate:—anxious for the success of nothing but TRUTH, and ready to bid it a hearty welcome from whatever quarter it may chance to come.

And though I often find myself, after all, much at a loss to determine on which side the truth or even the greatest probability lieth; yet I could (if it were not thought too presuming for a person of my age and station) heartily advise the contending parties to shake hands and be friends; since the difference between them is frequently of less significance, than they have, in the warmth of controversy, represented it; and possibly there might be proposed a *medium* of reconciliation, which, if they would agree to admit, there would be little room left for them to contend at all.

You have (my friend) after a course of long and laborious study, made yourself a complete master of all the various theological opinions, which, from one period of Christianity to another, have distracted the church—rent it into a thousand parties—and made

it (as Butler says of the Presbyterian) “the true church *militant*” indeed!

What good hath your very extensive knowledge of those divine litigations—those *holy wars* of the pen and tongue—the cloister, the college, and the pulpit, done you? Why, “you are grown quite sick of controversy.” I wish that may be the worst of your case. But I doubt it.——

Having pursued truth through all the wilds of *mysticism* with Mons. Paschal, the Archbishop of Cambray—O! Genius how destructive are thy flames when lighted at the altar of false religion!—And having not only missed the truth you sought for, but lost that which you had, and yourself too almost—striking out into another path you pursued the fleeting object through the intricate and thorny wood of *scholastic* divinity with Calvin and Arminius, Clarke and Waterland, but, though always on the fancied scent, yet for ever missing the game; and now grown quite tired of the chase, and discontented with the end of it, you are reposing yourself in the gloom of scepticism, prepared to say, to the first man who shall attempt to disturb you.—“That truth is but a creature of fancy—a mere meteor exhaled from a warm imagination; which, though it flatters our pursuit, always disappoints it: and having bewildered reason for a time, at last leaveth it in the bog of atheism or enthusiasm.”

I believe from what I know of my friend, that he is in very little danger of getting into the *latter*. Your make and contexture have nothing at all enthusiastic in them. The cool-headed philosopher hath quite contrary tendencies. He is the very *antipode* of spiritual madness. The reason of an enthusiast is not a proper counterpoise to his imagination. The latter like Aaron's serpent (to use Pope's simile) swallows up every other power of the soul:—and when it breaks loose upon itself, which must be the case where every principle necessary to check, counteract, and regulate it, is devoured or

laid asleep, we shall see the most desperate freaks of spiritual Quixotism and Saint errantry: windmills mistaken for giants castles, and harmless sheep attacked for warriors and redoubted knights, with all the important and serious airs of pious militancy. I never expect to see you equipped in armour fit for this crusade.—* *The hey-dey in your blood* doth not run this way. I wish it may not take a course equally dangerous. I look upon enthusiasm to be very pernicious to society. But I can by no means think, that it is composed of such noxious qualities as scepticism. That coldness—that torpor of heart which we generally find in the determined sceptic, bears a most unfriendly aspect on mankind. Infidelity produceth a gloom, and hangs a malignant damp over the whole soul. It saps the very foundation of our dearest hopes—it gives a mortal sting to our pleasures, and makes the cup of sorrow doubly distasteful.

The settled sceptic possesseth a heart as dark as Hell. There is nor light nor melody there. The finer strings of humanity are broken, and it is all harsh dissonance within. What our great Shakspeare says of the man who feels not the power of *music*, may with far greater propriety be applied to the frigid joyless sceptic, whose feelings are not attuned to the *music of the spheres*—the melody of God and angels—"let not that man be trusted."

Indeed I would not make him my friend. For, how could we meet at friendship's hallowed shrine, whose souls must act the *repulsive* on each other. I could not mingle spirits with his. He must seek congenial ones in the cold uncheary cloister of the monk, where ignorance holds its leaden sceptre to stupify the understanding, and benumb the heart. Then is friendship noble and exalted—strong and lasting when it comes and offers up its tribute at religion's altar. Religion cements the union of souls. Its joys and hopes spread a sweet serenity through the heart, and *melodize* the man.

LETTER II.

"BUT what is the object I pursue?" Your welfare, my dearest friend. I hold you most affectionately in my heart, and cannot give you up to be the prey of infidelity without clasping you still

LOND. MAG. Feb. 1783.

closer to my soul (if possible) to whisper a few things to you, which friendship warmly dictates, and cooler reason will, I hope, confirm.

To see your faith shipwrecked on the rocks of infidelity, and you carried down the stream a prey to all the storms of error—good God forbid it! but I have often shuddered at the picture of my own imagination, alarmed with the horrible fears of your total apostacy from Christianity.

You have missed the truth hitherto, notwithstanding the assiduity of your search: and, because you have not found it in those paths in which your past enquiries have been conducted, you are led to think it can never be found at all.

Do not give it up till you have tried one thing more: and I recommend the trial of it to you with greater confidence from my own experience of its utility: for I have had my doubts as well as you. It is this—"Study the bible by itself." Examine its intrinsic evidences by its own light. Its most important and striking proofs are founded in its own nature.

Attend to some of the capital supports of Christianity. Examine the prophecies that have been fulfilled, or are now visibly fulfilling in the world—the miracles that were repeatedly and openly wrought for the confirmation of our holy religion—its benevolent design—its most holy and divine tendency—the honesty and simplicity—the generosity and disinterestedness of its first publishers—its most remarkable spread, by (humanly speaking) the most unlikely means—its miraculous preservation, and glorious triumphs, in the face of the most formidable oppositions, and the united efforts of the greatest powers of the world. I say, examine those things with attention and impartiality, and tell me whether in your conscience, you can think, that our religion was derived from a meaner fountain than the *Truth of God*.

From the joint force of those evidences, you will see that Christianity is a religion founded on *facts*—such *facts* as left little room for the play of fancy and hypothesis; but being evident to the *senses* of men of all characters, complexions, opinions, and countries, and undergoing their most rigorous examination, are as worthy of credit, on the

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* Shakspeare.

footing of impartial history, as the exploits of Leonidas, Alexander, or Cæsar. I say, they are as worthy of credit as any facts whatever, transmitted through the channel of authentic history from one age to another.

That which so many honest, undesigning, disinterested persons about 1700 years ago defended with such undaunted bravery, and to the interests of which most cheerfully devoted their ease, their wealth, their *all*—that which the cruellest inflictions of the most cruel torments that art could devise, or malice execute; which the threats of priests and princes, and all the horrid apparatus of martyrdom could not affright them from publishing, defending, and glorying in—that—but why should I enlarge?—These few considerations must convince us, unless most shockingly prejudiced, that Christianity could not be the offspring of imposture, nor the dream of enthusiasm—but a religion founded on the most circumstantial and positive facts, and highly deserving the belief and reverence of every one who would prefer light to darkness, and certainty to suspense.

LETTER III.

ONE of the most important facts in which Christianity is interested, is the resurrection of Christ. It is indeed “the pillar and ground of our faith.” The evidences of it were not transient and superficial: but repeated and continued. Our blessed Saviour did not show himself in a corner to one or two selected persons—but to *all* the disciples—yea, to *five hundred* at once. The greater part of which society was living at the time when St. Paul made his publick appeals to them for the truth of Christ’s resurrection.

Imposture eludes a search. But this grand and substantial proof of the divinity of our holy religion invited the narrowest inspection, as in the case of Thomas, and stood the trial with growing evidence and honour.

The pretensions of Mahomet were founded on cunning and impudence on his side, and on the people’s the most blind credulity and senseless dread. They were entirely supported by the force of power and the terror of war. The visions and revelations of the arch impostor were in the cave of *Hira* and all to himself. None were sacred

enough to be admitted to the holy recess in his intercourse with celestial beings.

The fiction of his frequent journeys to Heaven on his slit *Alborak*, furnished him with stories highly calculated to amuse and astonish the vulgar: but it had like to have overthrown his credit, when one more inquisitive than the rest, desired to have an *ocular* conviction of his celestial flight; for he always begged to be excused from exhibiting any of his extraordinary achievements before the multitude. It might have puffed up the humble prophet’s pride too much if the world had seen how highly favoured he was by the powers above. Gabriel was his equerry whenever he rode to Heaven, but it would have offended the delicacy of our prophet if the world had seen how and by whom he was waited upon in his journey.

But to be serious.—Contrast the character of Jesus with this Arabian impostor. How perfectly different their claims, and how differently supported! The one meek and lowly in heart, with no ambition but to serve God, and do good in the world. The other an assuming and noisy impostor—a bloody ruffian—a mere bully for God. Empire was his end—stratagem and force of arms the means to effect it. His revelations mere pretensions—all were delivered and received on his bare word. On the contrary, the miracles of Christ were all open and visible—performed in the face of day, before indiscriminate multitudes, and if there had been any fraud in them it could not have escaped detection.

LETTER IV.

BEFORE I proceed to the arrangement and illustration of the evidences of Christ’s resurrection, I will lay before you a few preliminary observations on the *authenticity* of the books of scripture in general; and particularly of those historical records which treat of the actions and sufferings of our blessed Saviour. For you will call all my reasonings the play of sophistry, or the hypothesis of speculation, unless I fix them on the solid basis of well-attested and *authentick* facts. As a man who scorns to be under the imputation of *easy faith* you are doubtless disposed to confront all I have been saying

saying with this question— (a very natural and proper one I grant) “How do we know but that the books which treat of these matters may be false? Where shall we go *beyond* them to ascertain or authenticate the truth of what they relate?” Now I must plainly tell you that there is no necessity of going beyond them at all for that purpose. If I want to know the state and situation of things in general, or the nature and circumstances of any particular event in a distant age or country, I must apply for satisfaction to the records of those times:—I must examine the histories which either in general or more minutely in the detail treat of those facts of which I want information. If having consulted them, I call in question their authenticity, I ought as a friend of truth and impartiality to produce the reasons which determine me to suspend my belief. Either the matters they treat of are absurd and contradictory in themselves—inconsistent with the known characters of the times and other essential circumstances, or rendered dubious, if not absolutely contradicted, by superiour and more decisive evidence arising from more genuine or better established records. If a man, willing to proceed with cautious steps in his investigations, weighs those circumstances which go to the corroborating of any historical records, and can see no just reason for rejecting or discrediting any particular facts which are related in those records, he would be esteemed a most absurd and unreasonable man to demand any further evidence of their truth. Would he have the facts acted over afresh before his own eyes, merely for *his* satisfaction? If the traces of them left on their own annals will not satisfy, nothing more convincing can be produced to remove his scruples. He must remain an infidel in those matters.

To illustrate this matter as familiarly as I can:—Suppose (*e. g.*) I was giving an account of the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar—of the repulse he met with—of the renewal of his design—of the difficulties he struggled with before he could accomplish his purpose, and other circumstances which are interwoven with the history of this expedition—and in the midst of my narration should be interrupted by

such a question as the following:—

“And pray, Sir, how do you know all this? You were not in being to be an eye-witness of what you relate; nor did you ever talk with any one that was.”—Now what answer would be expected to satisfy the querist, but that which would and must of necessity originate from Cæsar’s own account of the matter in the Commentaries which are universally ascribed to his pen. I cannot lodge my appeal with a better judge. I give him the book and refer to the very place which speaks particularly of the invasion, &c. If he asks me further—“How are you certain of the truth of those accounts? May not the book itself be spurious?” I then endeavour to confirm the authenticity of it by remarking that it hath been transmitted down from one period of time to another in its present form, without any alteration materially to affect the general thread of the history—that it bears strong internal marks of truth—perfectly corresponds with the features and complexion of the time in which it was written and of which it gives an account; and, to strengthen the evidence still more, I turn him to other historians (who were either contemporary with Cæsar, or who lived near enough to the times in which he wrote, to authenticate the facts he relates) as collateral evidences of their truth: and finally, that there is nothing in the history but what may be rationally accounted for. If after all he persists in denying or questioning the truth of Cæsar’s account of his own expedition, I could do nothing more with him. I should be obliged to leave him to his own wayward obstinacy—leave him to be despised for his absurdity in requiring a stronger evidence than the nature of the thing will possibly admit of.

All truths cannot be reduced to one general class. They are distinct in their nature and qualities, and require very different steps of argument for their proof and illustration. A mode of reasoning may suit one class of truths that is totally incongruous with the nature of another.

An historical fact and a mathematical theorem may be equally true: yet the demonstration of them must be sought for by very different *media* of argumentation. The proof of the one

lies in *itself*. It is permanent, inherent, and independent of all external or adventitious evidence. The proof of the other must be founded entirely on *human testimony*, which in many cases is as infallible as the strictest mathematical demonstration. We should be accounted madmen if we did not believe that there is such a country as *Japan*, or such an island as *Otaheite*, though we can only prove the real existence of those places by the united and credible testimony of *others*. I make those plain observations to convince you that the credit of human testimony is not so very precarious as it hath been represented by those who would make Christianity doubtful. All our belief of past or distant transactions is ultimately and solely referable to this kind of testimony.

LETTER V.

NOW, that the books of scripture are genuine, we have in all respects the same reason to believe, as that any antient historical writings are so. And in all cases the proof of their authenticity is simply this—that such writings have been quoted and referred to as the real and acknowledged productions of their reputed authors or contemporaries (for if they contain the genuine records of facts, it is of little importance whose name they bear) by succeeding writers of established credit, without any material variation down to the present time. Now, we have much stronger evidence for the authenticity of the most important books of scripture, than we have to establish the credit of any *other* writings in the world; because they are much oftener quoted and referred to in every age, from the very times in which they were penned, down to the present. And the very singular attention which hath been paid to the sacred writings, is to be attributed to the great credit which they gained in consequence of their being considered as of the last importance to the interest and happiness of mankind.

It affords an argument of considerable weight to establish the authenticity of the sacred records of the New Testament that they were not secreted and hid from the examination of the curious at a time when the facts it relates were most known, and could be easily recollected and confirmed. They

were dispersed abroad with unrestrained freedom, and at a time when any falsehoods might have been detected, and when nothing but plain and simple truth could have borne the light. They were sent into foreign countries, and translated into foreign languages, at a time when the world abounded with men of erudition, curiosity, and penetration. For it is deserving notice, that Christianity had not its rise in an ignorant age, and amongst an ignorant, undiscerning people, who are incapable of detecting any piece of fraud, which wiser heads might have concerted to have entrapped the credulous and unthinking; but it made its first appearance in the very age of refinement and literature, and in the very bosom of arts and science:—it was propagated at Rome: had a rapid and extensive spread over the Grecian states, when both those countries had arrived to that boasted perfection for which they have been the pattern and the admiration of civilized countries in all succeeding ages.

Now the various translations of the New Testament into other languages at that period agree with each other, and with the various references to them by antient writers in every thing material; and all essentially agree with that copy which we now follow.—

It is also worthy of particular regard that the controversies in which the Christians began to be engaged, when they broke into sects and parties, from the primitive æras of our religion down to the present day, through a long succession of many hundred years, are of very great moment to establish the original records of our common faith, since the writers of the most adverse principles in every state of religious disputation mutually agreed to make the scriptures their criterion, and, to support their various speculations, constantly appealed to and expressly produced quotations from them.

In the long track of controversy, the Bible hath been exhausted for proofs on every side of theological debate; and in all the writings of antient disputants which have been transmitted to us, we find the texts which they quoted, making allowances for casual inadvertencies in transcribers, materially the same as in our present copies: so that we may depend upon it that the books of scripture are the genuine productions
of

of the ages to which they have been universally ascribed; and from thence it is easily made to appear, that they sup-

ply a sufficient evidence of the facts on which the Christian history is founded.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

"Curs'd be the verse how smooth so e'er it flow,

"In pleasing man—if it makes God my foe,

"_____."

S I R,

I Do not remember that I ever wrote a line to the Editor of a Magazine but once (which was many years ago) and the answer he gave me I then thought evasive; but having, in the course of the last year, read many things in your's that pleased me, I have given it the preference to any other, insomuch that if you should, by inserting the present few lines in your Magazine for this month, signify your having no objection to a future correspondence, it is ten to one but I shall trouble you with half a sheet for your next: I confine it to a half sheet, because I think you must have many old friends to oblige; and that you may not be tempted to enlarge your's as others have done, to a shilling pamphlet, as it might exclude a great many purchasers who can spare sixpence a month, when a shilling would probably turn the scale against them; and if by continuing in the old path, you would have two subscribers instead of one, your end may be equally answered, and you will have the pleasure and satisfaction of entertaining so much the larger number of readers. Besides Mr. Editor, as the present war, horrid and unfortunate in every point of view, is soon likely to be over; and a prodigious number of men who have

been a long while inured to acts of revenge and cruelty, must be discharged from the army and navy; they will be at a loss for amusements of some kind, and may find sixpence well laid out in a monthly Magazine.

Although, Sir, I really think if your correspondents should encrease, some of them may contrive to shorten their letters, and essays (as any long affair serves only to puzzle or confound many a worthy reader) particularly your correspondent "Title-Page Vamp."—But, lest I should follow his example, and thereby exceed my purposed limit, I beg leave only to add, that if I am not mistaken, he has reference to a small publication in the year 1774, intitled "A Key to the Tree of Life," As I am acquainted with the author, Sir, and have reason to think your correspondent rather displeased, with his having somewhat in prospect, at present out of his reach; though should he be of a different opinion (as every Englishman is allowed to think for himself) and find this worthy of his notice, he may, without the author's giving himself any trouble about it, be convinced of its reality, by

AN OLD MAN.

February 8, 1783.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE PRESENT STATE OF KIRK POLITICKS IN SCOTLAND.

NEVER in any period of the British history were the affairs of a neighbouring kingdom more seriously interesting than now. A celebrated historiographer has long had the management of their general assembly, which is the supreme ecclesiastical judicature in the nation. This man's duplicity, or rather perfidy to the Society of Antiquarians, of which he had previously solicited the honour of becoming a member, ought to have been attended with

the most publick and immediate expulsion. But the present is not a state of retribution. To be condemned by all the unbiassed judges of right and wrong, is the only punishment he has hitherto incurred. Nor are the suffrages of a body of men, so inconsiderable in point of number, and unsequential in point of influence, an object of importance, in the estimation of such as have been accustomed to meet the censure of good men with contempt, and

and the caresses of the worthless with triumph. Many and powerful are they who keep him in countenance, who have long flattered his worst passions, adopted his most pernicious principles, sported with the rights and liberties of their fellow citizens, and poured contempt on all who had the temerity to give them any opposition. Thirty years possession of uncontrolled dominion over the fortunes and consciences of the middle and inferior classes of the people, has secured to the confederacy, in which he long presided, a stability and authority which protects the worst men from the resentment of the best.

Although nine tenths of the inhabitants of this part of the united kingdoms reprobate the principles, and detest the practices of this party; though their leader is compared to Archbishop Sharp of St. Andrews, and the spirit of Sejanus is said to animate some of his followers, still they are protected by those in authority, and patronized by the man who has contrived to monopolize the whole power of Scotland. Sheltered by that greatness which has beclouded and overshadowed, every degree of significance, possessed by the whole body of Scottish grandees, they triumph in their own security, and look with fastidious insult on all who have presumed to decline their government.

Nor is it any advantage to this country that their quondam leader has, by the treachery and ambition of his followers, been induced to relinquish the reins of government. The latter though inferior in abilities, more arbitrary in their principles, and more exceptionable in point of characters, are distinguished by a ferocity and violence to which the former was a stranger. From all lenient and conciliatory measures they are so averse, that to irritate and provoke, to disgust and give offence, seem to be the objects of their hearts.

With reluctance I proceed to state a few facts, respecting the men, who now bustle and intrigue with so much vehemence for the chair, which was filled for twenty-five years, with celebrity by the same individual. It is painful to look on disagreeable objects. But to scrutinize the claims of those, who have exhibited themselves as the rulers of mankind, and to investigate the title of men who offer themselves to the public

as the religious and political guides of a whole nation, is a task, which we owe to mankind, and to our country. Of these sticklers for power and pre-eminence, I shall only sketch out a few of the leading features, leaving it to others to finish their pictures.

Foremost in the groupe, appears a very reverend Almoner*, who claims a presidency in virtue of that fastidious assurance, by which, from his infancy, he has been distinguished. His air and manner indicate his character. His front is the diagnostic of his heart. The history of this uncommon personage, reverseth the aphorism of Solomon, *before honour is humility*; for impudence and effrontery have conducted this man to wealth and honours. Distinguished neither by piety, prudence, nor learning, he has, by arrogance towards humble merit, and presumption and forwardness with all who could promote his projects of ambition and avarice, thrust himself into consequence, and obtained the most essential favours from those in high office, who very sincerely held him in detestation. His associates have assigned him the station of Thersites, when they arrange their forces; and he has long executed the office with dignity. Having supplanted and traduced the man who raised him, he now endeavours to substitute himself in his place. His self-importance prevents his discerning, what is obvious to all the world, that he is the most obnoxious and unpopular partizan of the whole party.

This imperious leader is rivalled by one, whose insignificance would have precluded his claiming any degree of notice, had not his connections bestowed on him a consequence, in no degree adequate to his merits. His relation to a certain poetical minion † of that tory influence, which was for many years maintained on usurped authority, hostile to the rights of humanity, in this country, is the sole support of his pretensions. Petulant, bustling, and frivolous, his compositions are flimsy, weak, and verbose. And his speeches the effusions of puerile, vain, and rude conceptions. Degraded as clerical assemblies are, by the inveterate enmity to the rights of humanity in their rulers, men of principle and penetration, have observed the exhibition of this puppet of power with indig-

* The Rev. Dr. Carlisle of Inveresk. † John Hume, whose retrograde merit as a play-wright is well known.

indignation and contempt. Still candor requires us to acknowledge that the party, conscious of an absurdity so glaring, associated with him a coadjutor of equal dustility in point of principle, but far better informed, and more ostensible in point of erudition. But it quickly appeared that he was indeed a man of happy memory, but *waiting for judgement*. In vain do principals and professors of various denominations now scramble for the vacant chair, for the late occupant removed the steps by which he had ascended to that height, from which he now looks down on the puny figures below him, who in their turn look up up to him with abundance of spight and envy, but never will be able to raise themselves one step above that croud whom they affect to despise.

Frivolous and weak, as they are, still they subserve the purposes of a despotick aristocracy. Like those little animals, who separately can effect nothing, but when their forces are combined, can perform prodigies, by union and perseverance they retain the middle and lower ranks of men in abjection and servitude. Disaffected to the ancient constitution in church and state, which was venerated by our fathers, and to the establishment of which they sacrificed their fortunes and their lives; their ultimate object is to restore the feudal system in its most corrupted state, and to render it an instrument of tyranny and oppression. An haughty aristocracy, who felt indignant the abridgement of their prerogatives at the revolution, have employed them as their tools, for retrenching the franchise-ments of the best and most useful members of the common-wealth.

Not only by the clerical tools of spiritual tyranny is the aristocracy supported in their system of abridging the rights of humanity, men of property who suffer in their own essential rights concur in the favourite project. It must originate in an hereditary love of domination that men of education and fortune should submit to appear to all the world perfectly insignificant in respect of their most sacred rights, rather than concur in those measures which would emancipate the people from religious oppression. Gentlemen whose profession is the study of the laws, generally accommodate their powers to the attainment of those honours and

offices which are held up to their view, and therefore it is not difficult to account for their zeal in labburing for the extension of the despotism of those who can reward their attachment. But the uniform submission of those who are distinguished by rank and fortune, to a mode of government very mortifying to themselves, is a phenomenon to be accounted for only by the prevalence of an inveterate family distemper, vulgarly called the *King's evil*, which betrays a sympathetic feeling with those politicians of despotick memory, who prevailed to procure those laws which retrenched the rights of the people and extended their own prerogatives, in order to pave the way for the enthronement of the pretender.

Notwithstanding this formidable power by which the fabrick of domination is protected, the posterity of those heroes who, in every kingdom of Europe fought the battles of humanity, might recover their independence, were it not for an artifice, calculated to render the present plan of ecclesiastical administration no less permanent than it is tyrannical. Mendicants are introduced into the church, are settled in almost every vacant pulpit, and young men, of independent spirit and liberal education are carefully excluded. An eleemosinary education entitles to preference in the distribution of livings, whilst those of honourable extract and genteel accomplishments, find every pulpit pre-occupied by the progeny of the lowest of the people. The latter fed, clothed, and taught by means of charity-funds, are introduced into parish schools, where the emoluments, to the amount of ten or twelve pounds a year, prove funds of luxury to men who for three-fourths of the preceding years had their residence in the meanest cottages and, languished in the occupations of husbandry. By the recommendation of a member of the cabal, they are introduced to some family as the preceptors of their sons and daughters, on condition that the plebeian tutor shall be intitled to the sum of five or six pounds annually, with liberty to attend the theological class six days in the year, and that for seven or nine years, and then assured of a presentation to a church, provided he serve to satisfaction. To a mind unaccustomed to the humblest sphere of life mortifying must be the servitude

servitude of the miserable pedagogue, in most instances. He must descend to the most servile offices, flatter the passions of his master and mistress, and submit to every indignity. Some give up the project. But most, sustained by their hopes, persist till the years of servility being completed, the stipulated recompence of their labours is obtained. Under the auspices of the Junto, the plebeian candidate becomes the pastor of a reluctant people, whilst the indelible signatures of his primæval meanness mark his sentiments, gestures, and every part of his behaviour. Trained to servility, and elevated above his fondest hopes, in imitation of his patrons, he is the abject tool of power, and insufferably insolent to those whom he thinks his inferiors. To men of education he becomes an object of ridicule; to men of birth he appears a novice; to the religious an impostor, and to those whom he has been appointed to instruct an intruder and violator of their most sacred rights.

This description is neither exaggerated nor uncommon. By an adherence to these maxims of government have our rulers driven out of the church more than 200,000 members, rendered the clerical order vile and despicable, and depreciated religion itself in the estimation of a great body of men who judge only by appearances. The multitudes who have left the establishment, have placed themselves under the tuition of a set of teachers whose livings amounting to a very large sum, are withdrawn from the common stock, and applied to the support of an order of men, of whom the far greatest part were destined by nature for the plough or the loom, or the last, whose productive labours might have added to the wealth of the nation. The great number of their fasts and festivals occasions a very injurious abstraction of the benefits of labour, and diverts their attention from their more lucrative engagements. The jarrings also and spiritual animosities thus introduced into every department of society, impede the progress of civilization, become inimical to industry, obstruct all moral improvement, and retard the operation of the most salutary laws.

But what chiefly merits the attention of government is the bigotry and fanaticism of those teachers, upon whom

our ecclesiastical politicians have devolved the care of the immense multitudes whom they have driven from the church. Placed under the tuition of an illiterate, enthusiastic, and designing clergy, the people run into every spiritual excess, follow the impulses of a frantic imagination, and to the demon which has possessed their distempered brain, are ready to sacrifice decency, duty, allegiance, and all that is held estimable among men. They overleap the mounds of law, and offer every insult to government. Whence originated the ferment produced by the project of extending the repeal of the popish laws to Scotland? Not from the church, for the assembly where the subject was first introduced, acquiesced in the measure. Not from any political opposition to the then administration, for no such opposition from our men of rank had any existence, their devotion to every administration of all complexions has, time immemorial, been inviolate and conspicuous—Not from the middle class of citizens, for from this respectable order of men, the commotions, then excited, received every opposition. It was from that enormous body of sectaries, whom our political rulers, have, for thirty years past, been expelling from the communion of the church, that the flame originated, and quickly communicated itself to those who still adhered to the church, spread with violence from one end of the island to the other, and finally endangered the whole fabric of our constitution civil and sacred.

It was edifying to remark our profound politicians on both sides of the house in parliament, tracing the origin of those combustions which flamed in the metropolis of England. They united in one opinion that *the flame was kindled in Scotland*. But if they had searched a little farther, they would have detected the culprits lurking about the foot of the throne, and he is a shallow politician who cannot discover in the skill and activity of our ecclesiastical rulers, to produce annually large swarms of sectaries, the true origin of the very alarming events of the year 1780. Nor does it require the spirit of prophecy to predict convulsions of a very serious nature, if a speedy stop is not put to the violence of that arbitrary system of ecclesiastical laws, which have been

administred with a spirit truly despotick and tyrannical.

It is worthy remark, that our sectaries, hatched by that intemperate zeal for domination, by which our rulers are distinguished, have spread in such swarms that they abound in England, Ireland, and in the provinces of North America. Nor is the surmise altogether groundless that their labours, their prayers, and their tears have not been wholly fruitless in the course of the late commotions. Whilst they profess the most inviolable loyalty to the sovereign and with a sanctimonious humility declare their subjection to political law, still they are distinguished by an acrimony and morose severity of spirit, which proceeds from dissatisfaction, discontent, and disappointment. They feel indignant from the cruel treatment they have received from the rulers of the church, and the laws of the state. They complain of tyranny, spiritual tyranny, over soul and conscience as well as honour and interest. "We pay (say they) an established minister at least our proportion, no less than the heritor of most interest or the patron who has none. We hold the gospel in the highest veneration. They who so cruelly oppress us by obtruding on us teachers whom we dislike and despise, neither in this, nor in any other respect discover any regard to religion. How hard is it that we are excluded all access to those institutions in which are centered all our hopes, and all the comfort of our lives, that the love of dominion may be gratified in a man who has no more right from reason or nature to domineer over us, than any of us over him? If arbitrary law has given him a power of oppressing us, why is it not repealed? Our fathers charmed us with the descriptions they often gave us of the liberty of choice they enjoyed, and those endearments which subsisted between them and their beloved instructors, and the flourishing state of virtue and religion, which took place in their days, when peace, harmony, and love pervaded the whole church. Our choice is all the right we ever claimed; why has this small particle of power been surreptitiously stolen from us, by the enemies of our sovereign, and his loyal subjects? Can it be imagined that those hirelings of the clergy, who are

LOND. MAG. Feb. 1783.

obtruded on us, who know they must be useless drones without congregations, and without any connexion among us but the stipend, can escape without our most perfect aversion and contempt? Nor can we behold without aversion those rulers of the church who ultroniously contribute to enslave us to gratify the enemies of church and state. They seem to triumph in our distress, and rejoice in the expence we sustain in contributing double for that which we value too much to escape observing that they value it too little. Restore to us our ancient rights. Repeal obnoxious laws. Receive us again into the bosom of the establishment, and root out those unprofitable trees which draw away the nourishment from those that will bring forth much fruit."

Without offering any remarks on the conclusions they form, it certainly imports the friends of humanity, particularly those in administration, to bestow their attention on a matter so intimately connected with the peace, order, and security of his Majesty's subjects. These sentiments are far from being peculiar to our dissenters. They are the persuasion of all our grandees, jacobites and their dependents only excepted. Nor does it require extraordinary penetration to discern how easily, on any emergency, such a numerous body of sectaries may diffuse the leven of faction and discontent, till it spreads and ferments, and lowers and embitters the entire mass of the people, preparing them for any outrage that rage and despair may dictate. Such as have carefully investigated the various workings of the passions of men, on occasion of the proposal of the repeal of the laws against popery, or will recollect the affairs of *Porteus's act*, or will listen to the vehemence with which our demagogues harangue their people on the subject of *patronage*, and *violent settlements*, cannot entertain a doubt of the extreme madness of sporting with the rights and irritating the passions of a brave and generous people, who value their religious above their civil privileges; for the former they believe to be their birth-right, purchased with the blood of their fathers. In vain did the Stuart family oppose their power and policy to the attachment of the people to their religious rights. In vain did courtiers persist in flattering the

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the bigotry of these infatuated princes. Nor is possible for any administration to offer the sovereign of a free people, a more pernicious counsel than to gratify the great at the expence of the many. The real friends of government will not hesitate to give up an usurped right, if the effect will be the quieting the minds of a loyal and affectionate people. I call that an usurpation which is an infringement of the revolution settlement, and of the articles of the union—procured by a junto in the end of Queen Anne's reign, inimical to liberty and religion. But why have the people remained quiet so long, under the loss of what they now would impetrate with so much earnestness. Because the law was not executed for many years after it was enacted. Nor was it till the present race of clergy and crown officers assumed the reins of ecclesiastical government, that it was executed in a wanton, arbitrary, and tyrannical manner. Such administration has proved the path to offices and honours in the gift of the crown, so that the grand contest was, who was first in the race. Whether these gentlemen are the friends of government, whether their administration is constitutional and equitable, let the unbiassed determine. Certain it is, there is a ferment excited among the people, that will not subside without a thorough change of measures.—That the number of sectaries taken in connection with their favourite opinions, is alarming to the friends of the church or the state, and that the latter ought to unite their forces to obtain a repeal of those feudal statutes, which are obnoxious to the very frame of ecclesiastical constitution, which, since the reformation has been the object of the fondest attachment, of the middle and lower ranks of the people of Scotland.

It is from a generous and just administration only, that this country can obtain relief. It is from the spirit of free-born Englishmen, that a poor people who have been long oppressed by a despotick aristocracy, and their under agents, now expect the recovery of their long lost privileges. Far from

wishing or requesting that power should be lodged in the populace, or that tumultuary elections should take place, all that is desired is, that the choice shall be determined by a majority of three votes; one by the patron, one by the heretors, and one by the elders. A method so simple, so obvious, and so liberal, would quiet the minds of a divided people, reconcile them to a mild and equitable government, restore them to a state of harmony and union, and give a proper check to that arbitrary and domineering spirit, which pervades many of the upper class of men and all their minions and partizans. Thus also would the offspring of mendicants be retained in those spheres of life, in which their productive labours might increase the wealth of the community, a servile spirit be banished from the church, men of honourable extract, liberal education, and generous principles, would fill the pulpits, and an illiterate and immoral clergy would be for ever excluded from any chance of settling in any parish, however obscure or remote.

That noble and truly patriotic spirit which dignifies and adorns many of both Houses in the British senate, will, it is hoped, commiserate the state of their fellow subjects, who have long suffered, and been torn and divided with the most remorseless cruelty. They who have given freedom to Ireland, will not withhold it from Scotland. Surely we supplicate liberty with more modesty and respect. We supplicate only the privilege of humanity. We ask only to be delivered from our terrors, from a vile, illiterate, and detested clergy; and that in our representations in parliament, the same attention may be given to the rights and liberties of the middle ranks of men—men at least as well intitled to liberty, and as capable of applying it to the most manly purposes as any other members of the commonwealth—and that both ends of the island shall be equally free, independent, and happy.

I am, your's, &c.

ALBANICUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AN occasional correspondent entreats your insertion of the following defence of Mrs. Siddons, in answer to some Strictures which appeared in the London Magazine for January last.—The writer terms them original; *so far* his claim is well founded: they are truly *original*, as they totally differ from any strictures yet published; how far they may be *impartial*, a discerning publick will easily decide. I shall not attempt to follow the writer through his meandering exordium, but allow his originality in the most explicit terms. I will even do him the justice to suppose he *means* to be *impartial*, but I cannot allow his criticism *candid*. The writer appears to me to aim at *singularity* of opinion, and scorns to think with the populace. His motto is "*Odi profanum vulgus!*" He includes in the single word "*populace*" the whole town. That men of the first distinction, both in the republick of literature and in the highest posts of honour, have universally allowed Mrs. Siddons the most transcendent merit is a fact too notorious to be controverted. All ranks of people have agreed with the most enlightened judges; indeed the uncommon effects of this lady's acting indubitably prove her vast superiority. Audiences may be biassed; friends may be partial; flatterers and sycophants may *over-rate*; but the piercing heart-felt sigh and trickling tear cannot be counterfeit. The writer of these lines has carefully attended to Mrs. Siddons, and has been highly delighted with her uncommon powers. He well remembers the inimitable British Roscius—he pays due tributes to Mrs. Crawford, and that most incomparable actress Mrs. Yates; but avers he never saw tears so plentifully shed before Mrs. Siddons graced the theatre of Old Drury. But he is willing to give up his own trifling claim to a knowledge of the stage; and will stake the fame of Mrs. Siddons on the evidence of two gentlemen eminent in the profession of acting; *viz.* Mess. Sheridan, Sen. and Macklin:—Mr. Macklin spoke these remarkable words in my hearing, to a gentleman who warmly commended

Mrs. Siddons:—"Sir, you never saw such an *actor* or *actress*; your father never did, but your *grandfather* might (alluding to Betterton and Mrs. Barry of those days)." The opinion of *such* a man as that is of itself an host of replies! That incomparable actor is upwards of fourscore, and may be justly called the father of the stage. Mr. Sheridan, Sen. declared, "Mrs. Siddons equals Mrs. Cibber in pathos, with the advantage of a figure every way superior." Mess. Burke and Fox are precisely of the same opinion. Mr. Colman is lavish in her praises; and that inimitable artist Sir Joshua Reynolds prefers her (in some instances) to his friend the late David Garrick. Are *such* people to be branded with the epithet "*mob*?" Are the first judges in the kingdom to be termed "*the populace*?" Impossible!—Their opinions are *valid*, and their sentiments *impartial*. I could enumerate *many hundred* theatric criticks equalled versed in the stage: they all give the wreath to Mrs. Siddons. The gentleman is very fond of the terms "*mob* and *populace*."—An indiscriminate censure; easily refuted. The mob and populace have *feelings*. If their hearts are rent with anguish; if tears fall copiously down their cheeks; if the gentler sex even fall into fits (unable to give vent to their sufferings) if *these* are symptoms of fashion and prepossession, then indeed I confess Mrs. Siddons is *not* the deity we ought to adore: but if the *genuine* effusions of the soul are to be the *criterion* of a performer's triumph; if copying nature is meritorious in the various walks of the polite arts, then Mrs. Siddons will undoubtedly claim the most *unlimited* pre-eminence.

The author of *Original and Impartial Strictures* criticises every iota of our favourite actress. He begins with her *person*, to which he is rather rude. The figure of every actor or actress is *not* the *only* object that catches an audience. Mrs. Cibber's person was small and *unmarking*, though genteel. The writer says, that Mrs. Siddons is *elegant* though not *striking*. Now I appeal to all the world, if we are not *struck* by *elegant*

elegant forms. If the critic will observe Mrs. Siddons, he will find her *above* the *middle* size. I agree with him, that her genteel proportion is very pleasing. Let me add, that *proportion* is the most *striking* perfection in nature. The gentleman thinks a clumsy, ungraceful person often captivates sooner than elaborate delicacy or elegant symmetry—Very possibly;—but then the person *thus captivated* must have a very *eccentric* taste. Mrs. Yates certainly always commands respect as soon as she appears. I hope the writer does not call her clumsy. Mrs. Crawford is a fine actress, but rather *clumsy*; consequently a great favourite with the *antagonist* of Mrs. Siddons. Macklin is truly inimitable in the Jew; the writer says there are those *who think* they recognise *all* those merits in Mrs. Siddons: that is, the (*supposed*) clumsiness of Mrs. Yates, and the avarice and ferocity of Shylock! Who ever gave Mrs. Siddons credit for such qualities?—Mob again! mitres, crowns, and coronets inclusive!

(*Temper.*) Unaffected sensibility is doubtless the real stamina of a tragedian. Here the author attacks Mr. Garrick; criticises Mrs. Yates; denies Mrs. Siddons the *least* particle; and gives the palm to Mrs. Crawford! If this is impartial?—"I say nothing"—but this I *will* say, that it looks like the *puff oblique* for Mrs. Crawford. It is impossible to follow the writer in his Dædalian labyrinth of indiscriminate censure; but, in one word, if Mrs. Siddons has no feeling, if her features are sterile, if her face is *expressive* of a virago, and totally *inexpressive* of the softer passion, why then the sun shines at midnight; the moon rules the day; and we are all bewitched! The writer says, "he has marked Mrs. Siddons *at a distance*: I supposed as much: if he had ever seen her within three benches of the orchestra; or, in short, if he had ever beheld her without the mist of prejudice, he would have seen her eyes stream with tears, and her whole soul agitated with the most agonizing sensibility.—Her manner of saying "Oh, Jaffer! Jaffer!" is really pathetic; and the continued intonation of her "Ob!" is *musical* expression.

(*Voice.*) This is the most amazing stretch of criticism, ever since the

atheist endeavoured to prove the Lord's Prayer a libel!—What! deny Mrs. Siddons voice? an excellence universally allowed her. Does Mrs. Siddons *squall*, and yet cannot be heard in the front boxes? I knew a *deaf* gentleman who pretended to great skill in *music*; being at the Opera with him one evening, he observed that the *band* was not so *powerful* as formerly. I gently hinted that possibly *his hearing* might not be *quite* so good as formerly?—Perhaps this is a case in point. Mrs. Crawford's *grief* is said to be *placid* and *serious*—a mighty *odd* kind of grief. Mrs. Siddons's *grief* is said to be turbulent and corrosive; sometimes *fictitious*. Now I allow her *grief* to be turbulent and corrosive, which is certainly the usual style of sorrow; but I deny it to be *fictitious*, as she has not *once* feigned *indisposition* the whole season, and has often played in a very weak state of health. Her tones are said to want *modulation*, *power*, and *variety*. I wish *deaf* people would always carry an *ear-trumpet*. He allows that if she has not the *grace* of Mrs. Yates, she avoids her *vulgar* tune, and while she does not possess Mrs. Crawford's *harmony*, yet that she never mimics her *querulous drawling*! These are absurdities totally irreconcilable.

(*Manner.*) Here the author denies Mrs. Siddons every requisite. But the most enlightened judges have unanimously declared her deportment singularly graceful. Not indeed so majestic as Mrs. Yates, but more natural. As to *deportment*, Mrs. Crawford has *none*, though in other respects excellent. Miss Younge's deportment is, upon the whole, the most finished.—But Mrs. Siddons has a singular *prêté* in her walk, truly characteristic of the gentlewoman; she has *no* awkward *avriggle*, no redundancy of action, nor is she always stooping. However, our *original* author condescends to allow her excellence in Belvidera. Vastly kind!

(*Conclusion.*) Do the powers discovered by this lady, in figure, &c. fairly entitle her to her present pre-eminence?—Certainly. The company that frequented Bath were *not* insensible to her merits; they paid the just tribute to her rising excellence. *Mob again! Mob for ever!* But he allows that *her fame* preceded her appearance

in this metropolis, and drew crowded houses!—A riddle for another Oedipus to solve!—The Bath theatre resounded with her praises: our author allows *that* theatre under *no* control from *mob*, ergo, she received *just* applause at Bath, and *false* in London. This may be *logic*, but it is not common-sense.—The writer very justly observes that time alone can bring people to their senses; I hope he will take the old gentleman by the forelock, and open his infatuated eyes to Mrs. Siddons's merit. Her private character, which has ever been held as a model of every requisite to stamp her a truly amiable mother, wife, and friend, is also grossly attacked. Her wonderful merit, it seems, has given offence to those of her own profession, *who think* themselves equal to her in merit: such self-conceited people are beneath the notice of any liberal mind. Mrs. Siddons is accused of *hauteur* and insolence: so far from it, that her manner is singularly humble: all her contemporaries allow her to be well-bred and affable. The writer of this critique declares most solemnly he is at present *an entire* stranger to Mrs. Siddons: he never spoke to her in his life: yet admires her talents with all the rapture and enthusiasm of her most intimate friends. He

candidly owns he cannot refute the accusation of her love of money, &c. He is the champion of her *publick* talents, and gives her credit for *every private* virtue; but he will not presume to *vouch* for them as he has not the pleasure of her acquaintance. However, he hopes for the lady's credit, some of her friends will be able to refute the charge of her *non-subscribing* to the theatrical fund—a charity to which *all* actors ought to contribute. But why should the public be displeased at their Majesties visiting the theatre when Mrs. Siddons plays? May not royalty *prefer* one performer to another? Most of the stories propagated concerning the favours showered down on Mrs. Siddons by their Majesties, are totally false: and the critic's transition to Mrs. Smollet is really unaccountable. If that lady is in such deplorable circumstances, it certainly is *not* a reproach to the *publick* or Mrs. Siddons. Let the tools of power whom her husband so grossly flattered show so much virtue as to succour an helpless woman; and may those who *knew* the doctor contribute their mite to soothe the sorrows of declining age, and gild the evening of *her* days with every convenience this life affords.

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE VIII.

TWO Dissertations. I. *On the Grecian Mythology.* II. *An examination of Sir Isaac Newton's Objections to the Chronology of the Olympiads.* By the late Sam. Musgrave, M. D. F. R. S. 8vo. 5s.

THESE dissertations are *posthumous*. They are published for the benefit of the doctor's surviving family; and are encouraged by a very respectable list of subscribers. The publication was superintended from the most benevolent motives, and the subscription zealously solicited and supported by the doctor's learned friend, Mr. Tyrwhitt. We mention this, that the common prejudices against posthumous publications may not affect the present work. The name of an editor so respectable, is sufficient to counterbalance them.

Dr. Musgrave in the first dissertation, attempts to prove, both by historical testimony and internal evidence, that the mythology of Homer, was not (as Herodotus hath asserted) the offspring of his own fertile imagination;

but had been established, as the general system of popular belief, long before the age of that great poet.

He next combats the opinion of Strabo and Diodorus Siculus, that a part of Greece, and particularly of Athens, was peopled by a colony from Egypt: and from the dissimilarity that prevailed between the customs of Greece and Egypt, he attempts to support his opposition to the testimony of those historians, as well as some others, on this head. He supposes that the Greeks were an indigenous people (*αυτοχθονες*) and their religion and mythology was radically, if not entirely their own.

Having cleared the ground, he next attempts to illustrate the principles and objects of the Grecian mythology—which he divides into two classes, the *essential* and the *accessory*. By the former he means the worship of the superior gods, such as Saturn, Jupiter, Neptune, Pluto, &c. &c. These he considers as allegorical personages representing either the great divisions of nature; or else those operations

rations and qualities which have a more particular influence upon the animal world and upon society.

The *necessary* consist of either some wonderful *phenomenon* of nature, or of some extraordinary historical facts, told in an allegorical manner, and improved into miracles. This matter is considered very largely; and illustrated by some of the most striking events in the History of Greece; beginning with Cecrops the most ancient Athenian King, for a specimen of domestic facts embellished by allegory; and proceeding to events of higher moment, and more extensive influence, in the stories of the four principal heroes of Greece, Perseus, Bacchus, Jason, and Hercules: who having been engaged, according to the poets, in expeditions to distant or unknown countries, their adventures must of course be very confusedly and variously related, and must naturally give great scope for invention and embellishment.

The story of AMPHION is thus accounted for by our ingenious and learned author: "It appears to have been a custom among the Greeks in building the walls of any new city, to animate the builders, and give an air of festivity to the undertaking, by music. This at least I infer from the manner in which Pausanias speaks of the music used at the building of the new Messene, by Epaminondas. Hence we may account for what the Mythologists report of Amphion, that the melody of his lyre was so attractive that the very stones followed him, and formed themselves spontaneously into a wall surrounding the city of Thebes; by which I suppose nothing more is meant than that the wall was so expeditiously built under his inspection, and to the sound of his music, as if the stones themselves had been animated by it, and arranged themselves of their own accord in their proper places."

In this manner Dr. Musgrave attempts to draw the veil of allegory from the several popular tales of Greece; and by tracing them up to their original state, as they existed in plain and simple facts, to illustrate the origin and progress of that mythology which formed the machinery of the Grecian poets, and constituted so large a part of the religion of that country.

The second Dissertation on the Chronology of the Olympiads is learned and acute: but being more controversial it is less entertaining than the former. It enters into the *minutiae* of dates; and gives a detail of persons and things which can afford but little amusement or information to the generality of readers. The principal object of this dissertation is to establish the authenticity of the register of the Olympic games; which had been considered as the basis of Grecian Chronology, by all the *literati* till Sir Isaac Newton attempted to destroy its credit, by opposing to

it the direct evidence of credible historians. He even supposes that there was a wilful forgery of about forty Olympiads, which had no existence. So bold a supposition required the clearest proof to establish it. Dr. Musgrave examines all Sir Isaac's reasons and testimonies; and discovers much shrewdness and learning in endeavouring to invalidate them. He hath clearly shewn that the great writer was mistaken in some of his assertions, particularly hath he shewn this in two remarkable instances. Sir Isaac hath asserted that the reckoning by Olympiads was not in use among the Greeks till after *Ephebus*. Now *Xenophon* cites one Olympiad numerically. Sir Isaac in quoting a passage from *Thucydides* hath made a mistake of a *hundred years*; a serious matter in chronology! Dr. Musgrave hath detected the origin of this mistake. Sir Isaac it seems, instead of attending to the original, confided in the old Latin translation, and thus hath rendered *τρεῖς* three hundred!—Our author hath indeed very serious difficulties to struggle with—of which he seems fully aware; and which might justly have abated the confidence of a less learned writer. Some of his arguments are weighty; and where he is not solid he is ingenious and candid. In two or three places of considerable moment to his hypothesis, he is obliged to have recourse to the critics *forlorn hope*—CONJECTURAL EMENDATION! He hath Pausanias on his side: but Plato and Herodotus are directly against him. Such evidence was not to be slighted. But how could it be turned in his own favour? By *conjecturing* that the passages have been interpolated; that for *three hundred* we should, even in despite of MSS. read *four hundred*; and instead of attending to what all the copies of Herodotus report of "Leocrates that he was the son of Phidon, King of Argos; and of that Phidon who established the Poloponnesian weights and measures;" only suppose that (*ov*) a certain Greek monosyllable hath dropped out by some accident; which if restored would make the passage run thus, "Leocrates the son of Phidon, King of Argos: but NOT of that Phidon who established," &c. &c. This is a very commodious way of getting rid of a difficulty. But this method looks so much like a violent determination to support an hypothesis at any rate, that however, in some cases, it may shew ingenuity, yet, in most it carries a suspicious countenance.

IX. *A Letter to the Author of the History and Mystery of Good-Friday.* By a Layman. 8vo. 6d. Rivington.

IN the last age a huge work was published by a puritan divine, entitled "The History and Mystery of the Old Testament." The ludicrous author to whom this letter is addressed, adopted one part of this jingling title,

title, but, like old Corisco in Prior's Tale of the Ladle, "what was great he turned to farce:" what the old nonconformist meant to convey as a serious truth, the new one hath attempted to make the vehicle of banter and irony. His lay-antagonist, however, gives him the *retort courtois*. He first endeavours to vindicate the institution of the great fasts and festivals of the established church; and then, with some address and shrewdness turns the objections of the dissenters on themselves.

The author of the *History and Mystery* is supposed to be one Mr. Robinson, an Anabaptist preacher at Cambridge. Our layman is very severe on him in more respects than for having been the writer of the pamphlet he attacks. He exposes him to publick scorn by exhibiting one of his *band-bills* announcing the arrival of a brother * preacher, and his purpose of *showing off* in the evening at the Dissenting Meeting-House. The *band-bill* is exactly in the style of mountebanks, slight-of-hand-men, &c. &c. and reminds us of Mr. Katterfelto's "*Wonders! Wonders! and Wonders!*"

X. *Remarks on Mr. Rousseau's Emilius: In which the celebrated Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Curate, is particularly considered.* 8vo. Nicoll. 1782.

THE introduction consists of some light and desultory observations on education, with reflections on the present vitiated state of it in this country.

As to the remarks on Emilius they were not, it seems, intended as an analysis of that elaborate performance. The author's design is to point out a few of those passages which in his opinion contain the most striking sentiments and remarkable observations; at the same time that he proposes his objections to such parts of the work as he apprehends to be particularly exceptionable.

Many of the remarks are very judicious; particularly on some metaphysical points: and a virtuous and candid spirit breathes through the whole performance. But in general the remarks are trite and superficial: little to the purpose: frequently dull and tedious: and though sometimes shrewd and instructive, yet seldom interesting, and never amusing.

* Murray of Newcastle, Author of *Sermons to Affes, &c. &c.*

† *Virtutem, videant, intabescantque reliqua.* Persius.

XI. *Letters from the late Rev. Mr. James Hervey to the Right Hon. Lady Frances Shirley.* 8vo. Rivington.

THESE letters will add very little to the reputation of the pious and ingenious author. They reflect, however, the exact image of the man. We see Orthodoxy tricked off, with all the finery of language; and piety paying court to politeness. His piety indeed makes his politeness formal, and his politeness makes his piety phantastic.

XII. *Advice to the Officers of the British Army.* 8vo. 2s.

"LET them behold (says the Roman Satyrist †) the fair form of virtue, that they may consume with the anguish of repentant sorrow for having forsok her." This writer, to effect the same good purpose, holds up the image of folly and vice in their native colours and with an exact and undisguised delineation of their lineaments, in order to shame men out of a disgraceful and unworthy connection with such odious and ridiculous monsters. The design is truly laudable; and the execution is masterly. The advice, though in form gay and ironical, yet in reality, is serious and pointed. No one who reads this exquisite piece, if he hath the feelings of virtue, if he possesses the generous pride of patriotism however, he may be diverted by the writer's happy talent at ridicule, but must, at the conclusion, find his pleasure repressed by mingled indignation and concern: and while he pathetically exclaims "Are these things so?"—He will only lament, but not wonder, that the sun of Britain is *shorn of his beams!*

XIII. *The Miscellaneous Poetic Attempts of C. Jones, an uneducated Journey-man Wool-comber.* 8vo. 2s. 6d.

THE Title is modest: though we cannot always pay this compliment to the poet. He, like his betters, hath "*the proud Parnassian sneer.*" But he hath indeed some merit, particularly in short, epigrammatic and satirical pieces: and as to his other and more daring attempts, particularly "in the pindaric way" (to use his own expression) the wonder is, not that he should have failed so much, but that "an uneducated journey-man wool-comber" should have succeeded so well.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROLOGUE

To the MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND.

DEEP in a labyrinth, remote from view,
Fame's temple stands, and Fashion
holds the clue:

1

Before the entrance rang'd, a suppliant band
Of candidates invoke her guiding hand:

In bursts the throng, a thousand different
ways

They spread, wind, double thro' the puzzling
maze:

Vain

Vain labour his who on himself relies,
Where none but Fashion's favourites gain
the prize!

Sad omen for our poet! who has chose
The narrow groveling path of humble prose;
A path indeed, which Moore and Lillo trod,
And reach'd Parnassus by the bridge road:
Brambles and thorns oppose, and at our side
Nature alone, and she a naked guide.
Patrons of nature, from your tears impart
Balm to her wounds, and heal her at your
heart.

Now parody has vented all its spite,
Let tragedy resume her ancient right:
When Britain's lion roars in martial mood,
Throw to the kingly beast a sop of blood;
Loud in his ear your tragick thunders roll,
And rouse the mighty terrors of his soul:
When peace, with every liberal science join'd,
Decrees a joyful sabbath to mankind,
Let comedy restore the court of wit,
And open a new session in the pit.

Pageants and pantomimes have spent their
rage, [stage:]
And emptied the whole wardrobe on the
Lord Mayors of London clubb'd with Gods
of Greece, [sleece:]
And Bishop Blaize comb'd Jason's golden
Whirls slipshod tailors on their tressel boards,
Of the Nine Muses fate the cross-legg'd
lords;
Let a plain bard, in spite of Fashion, aim
By Nature's aid to find his way to fame:
To his domestic tale incline your ear,
Wives, husbands, children! you may safely
hear.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss YOUNGE.

TO-night two sketches we've held up to
view,
One of the old school, t'other of the new.
As for my lady's portrait, I can't boast
Its likeness, for the original is lost:
In times foregone the colouring might be
good,
But now it scarce resembles flesh and blood:
The pencil's chaste—but where, I would de-
mand,
Are the soft touches of a modern hand?
Where the fond languish that our masters
steal?
The tempting bosom that our dames reveal?
Where the high plume that speaks the tow-
ering soul? [whole:]
Where the bright gloss that varnishes the
The habit regimental, smart cockade,
And the neat ankle roguishly display'd?
None, none of these—a piece of mere still life,
Where not one feature marks the modern
wife.
Lay the good dame aside—and now behold
My Lord appears!—These tints are fresh and
bold;

This is the life itself. Mark! what a grace
Beams in his high-born tyranny of face!
He breathes—he speaks, Cards, harlots,
horses, dice

Croud the back-ground with attributes of vice:
This, this is something like; these colours
give

Some semblance of a man: 'Tis so we live,
'Tis so we look, you cry—behold once more!
The suicide is well ring in his gore.

Ah! does it strike you? say, do you still cry,
'Tis so we live?—So live, and so you'll die.

But one word more on Lady Davenant's
part,

We hope 'tis Nature; you believe it Art.
Search your own bosoms; if you find her
there

'Tis well: if not, I would to Heaven she were!

VERSES on Mr. BOSCAWEN, who was
drowned as he was bathing in the Island of
Jamaica.

AH! William! 'till thy hapless hour
Shall fade on mem'ry's pensive eye,
The muse on Fate shall curses shower,
That doom'd a youth like thee to die.

Though lost, alas! thy lovely name
With incense shall the skies perfume;
And ev'ry flower of fairest fame
Shall wish where William sleeps to bloom.

Till Virtue seek her native sphere,
Till Honour cease below to shine;
For thee shall virtue drop the tear,
And Honour's envied praise be thine.

STANZAS on the Same.

THE youth from yonder wat'ry grave,
Who hangs the head, in death so pale,
With anguish bids each bosom heave,
And spreads the grief from vale to vale.

The beautiful locks that streaming flow;
His cold limbs lifeless stretch'd along,
Shall sink his friend with frequent woe,
And swell the muse's tenderest song.

Lo! Valour not ashamed to mourn!
I see the drop bedew his eye;
I see the virtues droop forlorn,
And hear the soul of Pity sigh.

Sweet youth! thy lonely sod around,
The morn her earliest beam shall shed;
And night, 'mid Nature's sleep profound,
Shall deck with dewy gems thy bed:

And when the storms their thunder pour,
And lightnings flash athwart the gloom;
Shall spirits watch the fearful hour,
And bid thy turf unblasted bloom.

*On seeing a NEGRO weeping over Mr.
BOSCAWEN'S Tomb.*

THE slave from Afric's region torn,
Whose fate a parent's sighs deplore;
Who walks in vassalage forlorn,
And meets that parent's smiles no more;

Behold! he mourns beside thy tomb!
Now gazing on thy lonely shrine,
Forgets the horrors of his doom,
And drops a tear to pity thine.

PROPERTIUS, *Book II. El. 12.*

A Child in form who first depicted love,
The judgement of a skilful artist
show'd,
Held mark'd the senseless life by lovers led,
Still for slight joys to lasting ills betray'd.
Apt, too, wings aerial he bestow'd,
And charges with a human heart the flying
god.

What various passions lovers breasts possess,
Now scorn depresses now elates success!
Wifely he gives him never failing darts
In quivers, at each shoulder, strung for
hearts;
Safe, as we think, the subtle wound is given,
No one Love's victim 'scapes with breast un-
riven.

His form is ever present to my smart,
His wings last feathers pluck'd to probe my
heart:

My bosom is become his sole abode,
Altho' a roving and inconstant god.
Ah, quickly, Love, refit and out again,
Indulge a vet'ran with a distant reign!
Go, seek out novices yet unbetray'd,
Of what I was I now am scarce the shade:
Destroy you that you'll have a poet less,
And half your power you owe to poets'
drefs:

In praise of beauty yet my verses flow,
The graceful air, black eyes, and arms like
snow.

PHILO-MUSUS.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

IF the following verses, from the dignity
of the object, to whom they are address-
ed, may merit a place in your classical Ma-
gazine they are much at your service.

* Tullius—His Lordship published an ingenious edition of Tully's *Epistles*. † Augusta—The
present Bishop of Exeter was, for several years, a popular and much admired preacher at the
Rolls Chapel in London. ‡ Granta—His Lordship was educated at Cambridge. § Sacros
ritus—Written when his Lordship confirmed on his last visitation. || Damnonii, Dumnonium,
otherwise Damnonium—In the time that the Romans possessed Britain, comprehended both De-
vonshire and Cornwall.

* Hall down and Dartmore, cold bleak hills in Devon. † Exe and Tamer, two
famous rivers in Devon.

LOND. MAG. Feb. 1783.

*In Episcopum Exoniensem,
Synodum apud cornubienses, agentem.*

ULTIMA nunc iterum cornubia læta tri-
umpho

Exultat; postquam felices hospes ad aras
Antistes redit Hesperias: ubi conscia turba
Præfulis adventus, studio festinat anhelo;
Sospite quo, lætis resonat clangoribus æther. 5
At si tantus amor, turpi secernere honestum
Discite quanta viro reverentia debita sacro est.
Tullius*, impensis vestris locupletior extat.
Et veneres tibi prisca refert sacundia Romæ.
Auspice te, acquirit validas ecclesia vires. 10
Quo feror? heu pietas laudis non indiga nostræ
Tanta: nec incultæ fas est cecinisse Camenæ.
Rhetorices † Augusta tuæ miranda fatetur
Munera suaviloquæ: tanta est tibi copia fandi.
Sed neque testis abest academica ‡ Granta
labori 15

Alma tuo: incolumem et te littora nostra sa-
lutant

Non ingrata: Deo sacratas hospes ad ædes
Mitriger aggreditur: primo stat lumine turba
Plurima, et expectat sacros § ex ordine ritus
Plaudite || Damnonii, quæsitæ laboribus or-
nat 20

Dilectum quod mitra caput, studiisque severis:
Debita virtuti dum gratia: fama per orbem
Nuncia mirantem, vest i meminisse juvabit
DAMNONIENSIS.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE following paraphrastical imitation
of the ninth Ode of Horace's first
book, is said to be the production of Charles
Jones, a wool-comber, in the town of Cre-
ditch in Devonshire, a man who never read
Horace in the original, but hath caught his
sense from English translations only:

SINCE * Hall-down steep, and* Dartmore
wide,

Involving snows successive hide,
Since rapid † Exe and † Tamer flow
In frozen fetters cease to flow:
And Boreas, from his northern fences, 5
Rudely benumbs our active senses;
Let's fire huge oaks, then heap on more,
And Boreas and his storms out roar.
Pierce your old hogsheds! never stint us—
Trivial draughts were never meant us; 10
Bid the oft-replenish'd bowl
Dilate the heart, expand the soul.

'Till in the precious pool, Old Care
 Shall, drown'd, no longer triumph here!
 Taen, flush'd with billets and with wine, 15
 At winter why should we repine?
 The noisy world, in contest warm,
 May jar, yet give us no alarm;
 Be't our's in social peace to join,
 And quaff our glass beneath our vine. 20
 Then fill your bumpers—ne'er debate,
 Of court intrigues, or schemes of state:—
 To us why should it appertain,
 Of government who tugs the rein,
 Jack Pudding, S—d—ch, or Germ—ne? } 25
 If, as some busy tongues allow,
 They've headlong drove into a slough;
 To us it matters not a pin,
 Let 'em get out as they got in!—
 With musty politics away! 30
 'The God of mirth shall rule the day;
 Love and good wine be all our care,
 No greater bliss old Jove can share.
 Of empire lost, we'll ne'er discuss,
 Our vaults are realms enough for us; 35
 Our troops shall swift-heel'd waiters be,
 Full flasks their arms, their captains we;
 Bacchus, our general, sits in state,
 And bids us laugh at rigid fate.
 Whilst then, my friend, good humour 40
 reigns,
 And sprightly blood runs thro' our veins,
 Improve the minutes of delight,
 Give friends the day, your mis the night!
 Though subtle Phillis may be sly,
 And to some secret covert fly, 45
 Run—seek her through each mazy round;
 She hides, but wishes to be found:
 Nor fruitless long shall be your chase,
 Her tittering laugh betrays the place:
 At your approach, tho' faint she spurns, 50
 Her willing lip your kiss returns;
 Each, then, in rapture sweet shall melt,
 (Such raptures Mars and Venus felt)
 'Till Phœbus, jealous of their play,
 Rolls on in interrupting day. 55

On revisiting BATH after a long absence.

TO STREPHON.

A DIEU ye foaming threat'ning waves,
 Thou vast tremendous main—adieu!
 That oft hast op'd thy yawning graves;
 Most deep and horrible to view!—

Now landed on my native shore,
 No more I own thy dread domain,
 Harmless to me thy billows roar,
 Harmless the horrors of thy reign—

More pleasing scenes I here survey
 Than those thy dismal region yields,
 I now disclaim thy gloomy sway,
 And sportive tread the verdant fields—

Inraptur'd I again behold,
 Immortal Ceres' plenteous reign,
 What rich Pomona's realms unfold,
 And Flora's on the fragrant plain—

Now far remote the battle's rage,
 And all the direful blaze of fight;
 More pleasing scenes shall me engage,
 Where cannon's roar shall ne'er alight.

Hail ye dark groves, and lofty hills!
 In native majesty array'd;
 Ye winding vales, and purling rills,
 Where oft with friends select I've stray'd.

How oft has pleasing talk beguil'd,
 Our wand'ring footsteps thro' the vale!
 Oft we explor'd some secret wild,
 And listen'd to some soothing tale.

Again to taste those joys refin'd,
 Which heav'nly friendship can inspire,
 I come—and bring a longing mind,
 That ardent glows with friendship's fire.

But ah!—not long this calm retreat,
 A wanderer like me can bind;
 Doom'd soon to tempt the battle's heat,
 Deceitful seas, and furious wind!—

On thee O Strephon! fate benign
 Has shone with more resplendent blaze,
 And Truth, that spotless maid, divine
 Has steer'd thee safe from error's maze.

If e'er oppress'd by anxious care,
 If sorrow's gloom obscure thy mind,
 Thou to fair Delia canst repair,
 And comfort in her converse find.

O happy pair! whose mutual love
 The chastest, noblest flames inspire,
 Such flames as glow in courts above,
 Untainted with impure desire.

When rolling years shall banish youth,
 May your fond hearts with friendship glow;
 May endless bliss reward your truth,
 And unabating pleasures flow.

When Death, grim monster! strikes the
 blow,
 And calls your happy souls away,
 May you exchange these joys below
 For everlasting love, and day!



S. WHITCHURCH.

Bath, Oct. 3. 1780.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER

From the LONDON GAZETTE of Saturday, Feb. 1.

Admiralty Office, Feb. 1, 1783.

  ADMIRAL PIGOT, commander in chief of his Majesty's ships at Barbadoes, and the Leeward islands, by his letter to Mr. Stephens, dated at Barbadoes, on the 9th of December, gives an account,

That he arrived at that island on the 21st of November, with the Squadron under his command from New-York; and that Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Hughes joined him on the 8th of December, with the ships under his orders, accompanied by the *Solitaire*, a French ship of war of 64 guns, and a small frigate of 24, captured on the 6th, 40 leagues to the windward of Barbadoes.

Capt. Collins, of his Majesty's ship *Ruby*, by superior sailing, got up with the *Solitaire* about twelve minutes past one in the afternoon, and the action continued 48 minutes, when the latter struck.

The Rear-admiral mentions the fire of the *Ruby* to have been greatly superior to that of the French ship, and that the condition of the two ships proved it fully; the *Ruby* having only two men slightly wounded, with her fore mast, rigging, and sails damaged; and the *Solitaire* having lost her mizen-mast, being in other respects very much beat (almost a wreck) with 20 or 25 men killed, and about 35 wounded, as near as could be ascertained; amongst whom were the second captain, master, and boatswain. She was commanded by the Chevalier de Berda, and had been ten days from Martinique, cruising in expectation of falling in with one of our convoys from England.

The Admiral adds, that too much could not be said of the very gallant behaviour of Captain Collins, his officers, and men, upon that occasion.

From the LONDON GAZETTE of Saturday, Feb. 8.

St. James's, Feb. 8.

ONE of the King's messengers, despatched by Mr. Fitzherbert, his Majesty's minister plenipotentiary at Paris, arrived here this day, with the Most Christian King's ratification of the Preliminary Articles, signed the 20th of January last, which was exchanged with Mr. Fitzherbert on the 3d ult. at Versailles, by the Minister Plenipotentiary of his Most Christian Majesty.

Whitehall, Feb. 5. The King has been pleased to order Letters Patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the kingdom of Ireland for creating a society, or brotherhood, to be called Knights of the illustrious Order

of St. Patrick, to consist of the Sovereign and fifteen Knights Companions, of which his Majesty, his heirs, and successors, shall perpetually be Sovereigns, and his Majesty's Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of Ireland, or the Lord Deputy or Deputies, or Lords Justices, or other Chief Governor or Governors of the said kingdom, for the time being, shall officiate as Grand-Masters: and also for constituting and appointing the following Knights Companions of the said illustrious Order:

His Royal Highness Prince Edward.
His Grace Wm. Robert Duke of Leinster.
Henry Smyth Earl of Clanrickarde.
Randal William Earl of Antrim.
Thomas Earl of Westmeath.
Murrough Earl of Inchiquin.
Charles Earl of Drogheda.
George de la Poer Earl of Tyrone.
Richard Earl of Shannon.
James Earl of Clanbrassiel.
Richard Earl of Mornington.
James Earl of Courtown.
James Earl of Charlemont.
Thomas Earl of Beftive.
Henry Earl of Ely.

By the KING, A PROCLAMATION.

Declaring the cessation of arms, as well by sea as by land, agreed upon between his Majesty, the Most Christian King, the King of Spain, States General of the United Provinces, and the United States of America; and enjoining the observance thereof.

GEORGE R.

WHEREAS provisional articles were signed at Paris on the 30th day of November last, between our commissioner for treating of peace with the commissioners of the United States of America, and the commissioners of the said states, to be inserted in, and to constitute the treaty of peace proposed to be concluded between us and the said United States, when terms of peace should be agreed upon between us and his Most Christian Majesty: And whereas preliminaries for restoring peace between us and his Most Christian Majesty were signed at Versailles, on the 20th day of January last, by the Ministers of us and the Most Christian King: And whereas preliminaries for restoring peace between us and the King of Spain were also signed at Versailles, on the 20th day of January last, between the ministers of us and the King of Spain. And whereas, for putting an end to the calamity of war as soon and as far as may be possible, it hath been agreed between us, His Most Christian Majesty, the King of Spain, the States General of the United

Provinces, and the United States of America, as follows; that is to say, that such vessels and effects as should be taken in the Channel, and in the North Seas, after the space of twelve days, to be computed from the ratification of the said preliminary articles, should be restored on all sides; that the term should be one month from the channel and the North Seas, as far as the Canary Islands inclusively, whether in the ocean or in the Mediterranean; two months from the said Canary Islands, as far as the Equinoctial Line or Equator; and lastly, five months in all other parts of the world, without any exception, or any other more particular description of time or place. And whereas the ratification of the said preliminary articles, between us and the Most Christian King, in due form, were exchanged by the ministers of us, and of the Most Christian King, on the third day of this instant February; and the ratifications of the said preliminary articles between us and the King of Spain, were exchanged between the ministers of us and the King of Spain, on the ninth day of this instant February; from which days respectively, the several terms above-mentioned, of 12 days, of one month, of two months, and of five months, are to be computed. And whereas it is our royal will and pleasure, that the cessation of hostilities between us and the States General of the United Provinces, and the United States of America, should be agreeable to the epochs fixed between us and the Most Christian King; we have thought fit, by and with the advice of our privy-council, to notify the same to all our loving subjects; and we do declare, that our royal will and pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command all our officers both at sea and land, and all other our subjects whatsoever, to forbear all acts of hostility, either by sea or land, against His Most Christian Majesty the King of Spain, the States General of the United Provinces, and the United States of America, their vassals or subjects, from and after the respective times above-mentioned, and under the penalty of incurring our highest displeasure.

Given at our court at St. James's, the 14th day of February, in the Twenty-third Year of our Reign, and in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty Three.

GOD save the KING.

At the Court at St. James's, the 14th of February, 1783,

Present, the KING's Most Excellent MAJESTY in Council,

His Majesty in council was this day pleased to declare and order, that for the convenience and security of the commerce of his loving subjects, during the cessation of arms,

notified by his Royal Proclamation of this day's date, passes will be delivered, as soon they can be interchanged, to such of his subjects as shall desire the same, for their ships, goods, merchandise, and effects, they duly observing the several acts of parliament which are or may be in force.

STEPHEN COTTRELL.

The following Letters to the Commander in Chief do the greatest honour to the Dover Volunteers, being a strong proof of their zeal and disinterested motives for serving their King and country.

"SIR, *Dover, Feb. 1, 1783.*

"The association for the defence of this place, &c. imagining, from the present appearance of public affairs, that their assembling very frequently under arms, during the peace, will not be required, or necessary, but being animated with a proper zeal for his Majesty's service, and desirous, at all times, to preserve the discipline of their corps, that should war become again unavoidable, they may be prepared to resist the enemies of their country, have desired, at a full meeting, that I would transmit the enclosed letter to you, expressive of their high sense of the countenance and favour you have shown them, and containing a plan for their future regulation, which they beg leave to submit to your opinion and determination.

"I have the satisfaction to add (respecting this volunteer corps) that they have ever attended to the object of their formation with the strictest order and propriety, and, had they been called into service, would, I am persuaded, have acted fully to deserve the reputation they so justly gained in a *voluntary* and *disinterested* offer to serve their King and country.

"I have the honour to be,

"With the greatest respect,

"SIR,

"Your most obedient

"And most humble servant,

"T. H. PAGE, Engineer,"

*To the Right Hon. Gen. Conway,
Commander in Chief, &c. &c.*

"SIR, *Dover, Feb. 1, 1783.*

"I am desired to express to your excellency the thanks of the armed association of this place for the civilities and notice they were honoured with by you, when you visited Dover, and were pleased to review their corps; and although the prospect of peace (from the preliminary articles being signed) may render frequent meetings of men with arms unnecessary, they flatter themselves that you will approve of their desire to keep up the exercise of their corps, by assembling, for that purpose, at convenient times, during the peace, with their arms, that should future troubles, or war, become unavoidable, they may not be found unprepared, and

and therefore take the liberty of submitting the following propositions to your excellency's consideration, viz.

"1st, That the arms belonging to the association may be received into the King's store, and kept fit for service at this place, and issued to the order of the said association for their exercise, at such stated times as may be convenient to them, on their application.

"2d, That such allowance of powder as is usual to militia corps in times of peace, may be granted to the association for the said exercise, and that they may be permitted to continue in learning the use of the cannon at the battery as heretofore (at such times of either meetings) should the corps judge it of service to them.

"I have the honour to be,

"With the greatest respect, Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"And most humble servant,

E. THORNTON,

"Captain and Adjutant of the Association."

To the Right Hon. Gen. Conway,

Commander in Chief, &c. &c.

SATURDAY, 15.

The Government of Madras, supposing the Rodney Packet would arrive in England before the Chapman Indiaman, have been very short in their communications to the Company. The following intelligence is collected from private letters, which may be depended upon:—Sir Eyre Coote, after various successes, brought Heider Ali to action on the 2d of June, on the Plains of Arnee. The battle lasted six hours, and Heider was completely defeated, and pursued above five miles. We took one eighteen pounder, a quantity of ammunition and baggage, and narrowly missed taking his whole train of artillery.—When the Chapman sailed, Sir Eyre was besieging Arnee, which it was thought would soon fall into his hands. No official intelligence had arrived at Madras that the peace with the Mahrattas was concluded, though private letters positively assert it; but it is certain that the Mahrattas had committed no act of hostility for many months, and that we remained in the collection of the revenues of the conquered countries, during the negotiation.

The East-Indiaman that was cast away in her passage to Europe was entirely lost: Many of the crew were killed by the savages on shore, others were drowned, and the few that remained have come over in a ship which arrived at Bristol a few days ago.

Captain Sir-James Wallace has applied at the Admiralty for a court-martial to be held on Lieutenant Bourne, of the marines. He has also commenced an action against him in the Court of King's Bench, for an assault.

On Saturday a pardon was sent to Dr. McGinnis, on condition of two years imprisonment in Newgate.

FRIDAY, 22.

Yesterday a court of common-council was held at Guildhall, at which were present the Lord Mayor, 15 Aldermen, and the most numerous appearance of commoners for some years.

The Lord-Mayor, after acquainting the court what they were called together for requested they would permit the dockets of several leases, and other matters that required sealing, to be read; which being done, an objection was made to the sealing of the commission of sewers, and after much debate the sealing was postponed, and other matters were sealed.

A motion was then made, and question put, that a list of such members of the common-council as were employed (to do any works either by contract or otherwise) by any committee appointed by the court, be laid before the next court, which was agreed to.

Mr. Pinhorn then moved, that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, thanking him for having put an end to the calamities of war, and restoring the blessings of peace. This caused debates. At length a committee of eight aldermen and sixteen commoners withdrew, and prepared an address agreeably to the motion, which was read, and unanimously approved of; and the Sheriffs, attended by the remembrancer, ordered to wait on his Majesty to know when he would receive their address.—It is expressed in the following words:

To the KING's Most Excellent Majesty,
The humble ADDRESS of the Lord-Mayor,
Aldermen and Commons of the city of
London, in Common Council assembled.

"Most Gracious Sovereign,

"WE, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the city of London, in Common-Council assembled, desire your royal permission to express our just sense of your Majesty's goodness and final attention to the petitions of your most faithful citizens and people, in procuring to this nation the inestimable blessings of peace.

"We hope and trust that the stipulations of the treaty are such as will revive our injured trade, and restore our commercial intercourse with our American brethren: and we beg leave to declare it to be our firm persuasion, that the great commercial interests of this country, and of North-America, are inseparably united.

"Permit us to assure your Majesty of our most perfect gratitude, and that it shall be our constant prayer, that your Majesty, the restorer of peace to the suffering and desolated quarters of the world, may long enjoy the glorious satisfaction of seeing your people prosper, and your family beloved."

An

An address voted in the House of Peers and presented to his Majesty on the ratification of the preliminary and provisional articles of peace, with France, Spain, and America, February 17th, 1783.

"That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, to return his Majesty the thanks of this House for his gracious condescension in ordering to be laid before us the preliminary articles of the different treaties which his Majesty hath concluded, and to assure his Majesty that we have considered them with that due attention which so important a subject requires.

"To express in the most grateful manner to his Majesty our satisfaction that his Majesty has, in consequence of the powers entrusted to him, laid the foundation by the provisional articles with the States of North America, for a treaty of peace, which, we trust, will insure perfect reconciliation and friendship between both countries.

"That in this confidence, we presume to express to his Majesty our just expectation that the several States of North America will carry into effectual and satisfactory execution those measures which the Congress is so solemnly bound by the treaty to recommend in favour of such persons as have suffered for the part which they have taken in the war, and that we consider these circumstances as the surest indication of returning friendship; and to acknowledge to his Majesty our due sense of that wise and paternal regard for the happiness of his subjects, which induced his Majesty to relieve them from a burthenome and expensive war, by the preliminary articles of peace, concluded between his Majesty and the Most Christian and Catholic Kings.

"To assure his Majesty that we shall encourage and promote every exertion of his subjects of Great-Britain and Ireland, in the cultivation and improvement of those resources which must tend to the certain augmentation of our publick strength, and that with these views we shall most diligently turn our attention to the revision of all our commercial laws, and endeavour to frame them upon such liberal principles as may best extend our trade and navigation, and proportionably encrease his Majesty's naval power, which can alone ensure the prosperity of his kingdom."

The Lord Steward reported in the House of Peers, on Wednesday, Feb. 19, that, pursuant to their order of Monday, the Lords with white staves had waited on his Majesty, to know when he would receive their address, and that his Majesty had appointed that day, at two o'clock, at St. James's.

The Earl of Suffolk took the oaths and his seat: after which the House went up with their address to which his Majesty returned the following most gracious answer:

"My Lords,

"I receive with pleasure this dutiful address, and have great satisfaction in observing that the preliminary and provisional articles appear to you, as they do to me, to afford a reasonable prospect of such a peace, as will relieve my people from any burthens beyond what the expenses of the war have rendered unavoidable, and, if properly improved, will ensure the national prosperity. These are always objects next my heart, and every measure which has a tendency to promote them, cannot but be acceptable to me. It is my firm purpose to execute every article of the treaties on my part with that good faith which has ever distinguished the conduct of this nation.

"I concur with you most entirely on the just expectation you entertain of the like attention in North-America to the stipulations in favour of the unfortunate sufferers by the war; which are founded in humanity and justice, and now recognized by publick engagement. I do not entertain a doubt that this and every other article in the treaties depending, will be finally settled and performed by the other powers with that spirit of liberality and justice which becomes them."

PROMOTIONS.

THE Rev. James Preedy to the vicarage of Wilton, in Northamptonshire.—At Bridewell Hospital, James Adair, Esq. Recorder of London, and James Roberts, Esq. to be Governors of that and Bethlem Hospital.—Lord Howe to be one of his Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council.—Lord Mountstewart kissed the King's hand on being appointed to the embassy at the court of Madrid.—Capt. Broderick, brother to Lord Middleton, kissed the King's hand, on his promotion in the army.—The Marquis of Caermarthen is appointed Ambassador extraordinary to the Most Christian King.—Edward Gancy, Esq. is elected a Royal Academician.—John Charles Lucena, Esq. to be Consul-General for the Queen of Portugal, in the Kingdom of Great-Britain.—Mr. Falkener is appointed secretary to the Marquis of Caermarthen on his embassy to France.—His Grace the Duke of Rutland, Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household, is by his Majesty's command, sworn of his Majesty's most hon. Privy Council, and took his place at the board accordingly.—The Hon. William Skeffington is appointed equerry to her Majesty.—John Guile, Esq. of Highnam, is appointed Receiver-General of the Land-Tax for Gloucestershire.—Mr. Thomas Haverfield is appointed to succeed Mr. Brown, deceased, as gardener to his Majesty at Hampton-Court.—The Bishop of Chester has appointed the Rev. George Travis,

Travis, rector of Eastham, to a prebendary in the Cathedral of Chester.—The Rev. Mr. William Clucas, one of the Vicars-General of the Isle of Man, to the rectory of St. Bride in that Island, void by the death of the late Rev. Mr. Philip Moore.—The Rev. Mr. Robert Quail to the vicarage of Malew, in the said Isle, void by the resignation of Mr. Clucas.—The Rev. Sackville Stephens Bale, LL. B. to the rectory of Withyham, in Sussex, with the rectory of Chedingstone, in Kent.—The Rev. Edward Emily, M. A. was installed, by the Dean and Chapter of Sarum, into the Prebend of Coombe and Harnham, with the Prebend of Rustcombe Southbury annexed, founded in the Cathedral Church of Sarum.—The Rev. Mr. Wilson, vicar of Soham, in Cambridge, is appointed domestic chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Monson.—The Rev. Robert Rigby is nominated, by the Earl of Egremont, to the perpetual curacy of Leaconfield in Yorkshire.—The Rev. Thomas Willis, late chaplain to Lord Monson, to the rectory of Bucknall, together with the rectory of Burton, in the county and diocese of Lincoln.—The Rev. William Gwynne to the rectory of St. Anne, otherwise St. Peter Westout, and the rectory of St. Mary's, in Sussex.—The Rev. Thomas Bennet, A. M. is chosen one of the minor canons of St. Paul's.

BIRTHS.

Feb. **W**EDNESDAY the lady of Thomas Sommers Cocks, Esq. was safely delivered of a daughter at their house in Downing-street, Westminster.—On Friday last the lady of John Wilmot, Esq. eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir Eardley Wilmot, was safely delivered of a son, at their house in Bedford-Row.

MARRIAGES.

AT Netherwitton, in Northumberland, Christopher Soulesby, Esq. to Miss Hudson, daughter of the late John Hudson, Esq. of Bellingby in Yorkshire.—At St. James's Church, Bristol, Henry Sweeting, Esq. of the King's dragoon guards, to Miss Leyson, of the parish of St. James.—At St. Andrew's Holbourn, James Warran, Esq. Attorney, to Miss Isabella Jackson, of Ely-Place.—At the Abbey church, Bath, William Madden, Esq. to Miss Sarah Rochfort, daughter of Captain Rochfort, of the Royal Artillery.—Mr. George Clarke, Attorney of Uxbridge, to Miss Coombs, daughter of William Coombs, Esq. of Hamorsworth, near Windsor.—At Lockinge, John Slade, Esq. of Thorpe-Hall, in the county of Berks, to Miss Hunt, of Lockinge, in the same county.—At Greenwich, Charles Buxton, Esq. of Coleman-street, Russia merchant, to

Miss Enderoy, of Blackheath.—At St. John's church, Wapping, Mr. Staples, oilman, to Miss Elisabeth Smith, daughter of Mr. Smith, ship-chandler, near the Hermitage.—*Feb. 1.* At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Cromwell Price, Esq. of Holymount, in the kingdom of Ireland, to Miss Lucy Bromley, second daughter of the late William Throgmorton Bromley, Esq. of Baggington, in the county of Warwick.—Mr. John Duthoir, of Rumford, in Essex, to Miss Frances Roseter, of the same place.—At St. Mary-la-bonne Church, Daniel C. Bullock, Esq. to Miss Eliza Stephens, both of Lifford-Grove.—At Allhallows, Barking, Mr. William Duncan, of Aldermanbury, to Miss Searle, of Seething-lane.—Mr. Joseph Panton, son of Mr. Panton, brass-founder in New-Street-Square, Fetter-lane, to Miss Everingham, of Dean-street.—At St. Mary-la-bonne, Gideon Combrune, Esq. of Golden-lane, brewer, to Mrs. Turner, of Suffolk-street, Cavendish-square.—*2.* At Gaddesden, in the county of Herts, the Rev. James Willis, of Sopley, in the county of Hants, to Mrs. Dutens, of Marlowes, in Herts.—The Hon. William Grimstone, to Miss Hoare, one of the coheirresses of the late Richard Hoare, of Boreham, in the county of Essex, Esq.—*4.* The Hon. Thomas Onslow, to Mrs. Duncombe, relict of the late Thomas Duncombe, of Duncombe-Park.—*20.* Philip Champion Crespigny, Esq. member of parliament for Aldborough in Suffolk, to Miss Scott, only daughter of the late Richard Scott, Esq. of Belton, near Shrewsbury.

DEATHS.

RALPH Bell, Esq.—On Turnham-Green, John Campbell, Esq.—In Old Broad-street, the lady of Samuel Hoare, junior, Esq. banker of this city.—William Twycross, Esq. one of the Searchers at Gravesend for the Port of London.—*9.* In Albemarle-street, Paul Fielde, Esq. late member of parliament for the Borough of Hertford.—Lancelot Brown, Esq. of Hampton-Court.—Mrs. Huddleston, wife of Thomas Huddleston, Esq. of Hatton-Garden.—At his apartments in the Exchequer, Christopher Rigby, Esq. First Commissioner of the Tax-Office.—At New-London, in North-America, John Campbell, Esq. of Saltspring, in Jamaica.—At his house in the Dock-Yard, at Plymouth, Commissioner Ourry.—At Arlington, in the county of Devon, John Chichester, Esq.—At Monmouth, James Tudor Morgan, Esq.—At Petersburg, Richard Brompton, Esq. principal portrait painter to her Imperial Majesty.—At Kensington, Mr. Deal, one of the Wardens at the Tower.—In Parliament-street, Giles Hudson, Esq. member of parliament for Chippenham in Wiltshire.—
In

In Cornwall, Mrs. Rouffigner, cousin to Lord Amherst.—In Parliament-street, Mrs. Jones, wife of Henry Jones Esq. member of parliament for the Devises, Wiltshire.—At Ipswich, Kiggins Peyton, Esq. barrister at law, and sizer for the counties of Kent, Suffolk, and Surrey.—Thomas Flucker, Esq. late secretary, and one of his Majesty's council for the Province of Massachusetts-Bay, in North-America.—At Rotherhithe, Capt. Breten Phipson.—At Dublin, Lady Isabella Monk, Aunt to the present Duke of Portland.—At Bathstall-Court, in Somersetshire, John Webber, Esq. of Pembroke College, Oxford.—At Bath, the Rev. Mr. Ewing, rector of Chard, in Somersetshire.—In Salisbury-street, Strand, Mrs. Morrison.—In Holbourn, Mr. William Johnson, laceman.

distracted family, and render him to happiness. My son's virtue and bravery will justify the deed. His honour, Sir, carried him to America. He was born to affluence, independence, and the happiest prospects. Let me again supplicate your goodness; let me respectfully implore your high influence in behalf of innocence, in the cause of justice, of humanity; that you would, Sir, despatch a letter to General Washington, from France, and favour me with a copy of it, to be sent from hence. I am sensible of the liberty I take in making this request; but I am sensible, whether you comply with it or not, you will pity the distress that suggests it; your humanity will drop a tear on the fault, and efface it. I will pray that Heaven may grant you may never want the comfort it is in your power to bestow on

ASGILL.

AMERICAN NEWS.

Copy of a letter from Lady Asgill to Comte de Vergennes, dated London, July 18, 1782.

SIR,

IF the politeness of the French court will permit an application from a stranger, there can be no doubt but one in which all the tender feelings of an individual can be interested, will meet with a favourable reception from a nobleman whose character does honour not only to his own country, but to human nature. The subject, Sir, on which I presume to implore your assistance, is too heart-piercing for me to dwell on, and common sense has, most probably, informed you of it, it therefore renders the painful task unnecessary. My son, an only son, as dear as he is brave, amiable as he is deserving to be so, only nineteen, a prisoner under articles of capitulation of York-Town, is now confined in America, an object of retaliation. Shall an innocent suffer for the guilty!—Represent to yourself, Sir, the situation of a family under these circumstances, surrounded as I am by objects of distress—distracted with fear and grief—no words can express my feelings, or paint the scene.—My husband given over by his physicians, a few hours before the news arrived, and not in a state to be informed of the misfortune—my daughter seized with a fever and delirium, raving about her brother, and without one interval of reason, save to hear heart-alleviating circumstances. Let your feelings, Sir, suggest and plead for my inexpressible misery. A word from you, like a voice from Heaven, will save us from distraction and wretchedness. I am well informed General Washington reveres your character; say but to him you wish my son to be released, and he will restore him to his

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Hague, Jan. 31.

THE following singular anecdote is reported of the Russian Ambassador:—That minister, in conference with the Greffier Fagel, expressed his surprise to him, that as the republic was not only in friendship, but even in alliance with his court, he should not have been made acquainted with the instructions which the States-General had given to their ambassadours at Paris: to which Mr. Fagel made answer, that he had no instructions in that respect, but that if he pleased, he would speak to their High Mightinesses on the subject; but the Russian minister desired he would not, till he should explain himself further on that head. The next morning he sent a note to the Greffier, telling him, it was not necessary to give him any further trouble upon the affair in question, as he had seen the instructions he meant in the publick papers.

Utrecht, Feb. 3. Their High Mightinesses the States-General have ordered the College of Admiralty at Amsterdam to suspend the proceedings relative to the capture of the English ship *The George*, Davidson, by the Dutch privateer, Capt. Olhoff du Spion, until the Count de Rechteren de Borchbeumingen, their Envoy extraordinary at Copenhagen, is informed, whether the rocks beyond Helgoland, off the sea-side, and out of the reach of cannon, where the said capture was made, are to be considered by Denmark, by the other neutral powers, and even by England, as a portion of the *terra firma* of the states of his Danish Majesty.

Acknowledgements to all our correspondents shall undoubtedly appear in our next.